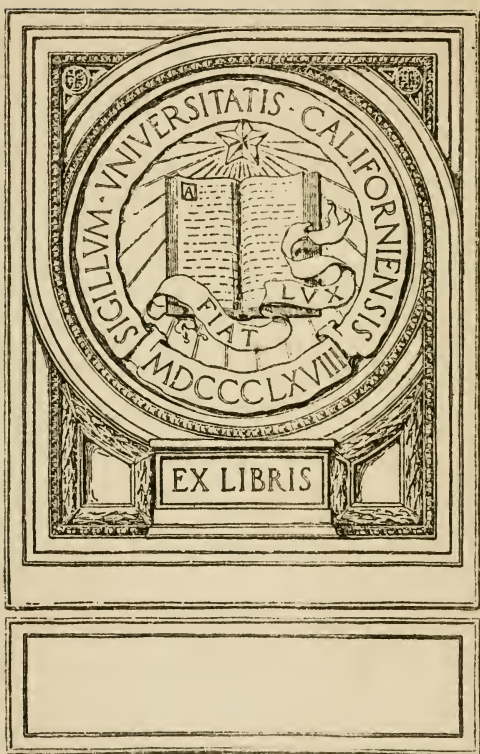


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RUINS OF KILCOLMAN, CO. CORK
(Photograph by W. Lawrence, Dublin)

Last Pages From a Journal

WITH OTHER PAPERS

BY

MARK RUTHERFORD

[EDITED BY HIS WIFE]

Wife H. Rutherford

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Editor's Preface

THE papers in Part I are strictly 'Last Pages' written during the last years of my husband's life.¹ Those in Part II are of earlier date, but were all handed over to me, and mostly revised, in the last years. Part III contains a selection from his note-books. I gratefully acknowledge permission to reprint papers from the *Nation*, *Bookman*, *British Weekly*, *Scottish Review*, and *Hastings Times*. Numbers 1, 12, 14, 18, 19, 26, are printed now for the first time;² and whereas my husband most carefully revised his own proofs and in many cases made small alterations on the printed sheet after publication, it must be remembered that in the case of these numbers there has been none of this

¹ To this period belong *A Home-made Religion* and *Faith (II)*, included in *Pages from a Journal*, 2nd edition, 1910, and *The Early Life of Mark Rutherford*, 1913.

² Number 14 was anonymously printed for private circulation in 1884.

revision. Numbers 10 and 11, published in the *Nation* just after his death, were also unrevised. I have altered nothing save an occasional and very rare slip of the pen, a few errors which have crept into the printed matter, and here and there, where in quotations the sense but not the exact wording has been given within inverted commas, I have thought it best to re-arrange the commas, and in two cases this has necessitated a very slight change in the text.¹ In the quotations from the *Strange and Dangerous Voyage* and the *Gospel Covenant* (Numbers 6 and 20, published in the *Nation* and *British Weekly*), I have reverted to the old spelling as more suited to the old thought and diction. This I believe would not be contrary to the author's wishes, since in transcribing he was

¹ P. 55. 'Then was our sorrow turned to joy, and we 'praised God for his mercy.' The exact wording is: 'Then 'was our sorrow turned to ioy, and we all fell on our knees, 'praising God for his mercy, in so miraculous a deliuerance.'

P. 65. 'Those were happy who were dead; we would 'give a thousand pounds, if we had it, so we might lie fairly 'by them.' The exact wording is: 'They were happy that 'I had buried: and that if they had a thousand pounds, they 'would giue it, so they lay fairely by them.'

sometimes careful to retain the old spelling himself. The manuscript up to the last is clear and accurate, and I was only once in doubt as to the intention.¹ One passage in *Dr. Johnson's Criticism on 'Samson Agonistes,'* pages 185-6, is almost identical with a passage in 'Some Notes on Milton,' *Pages from a Journal* (second edition), pages 111-12, but I have let it stand.

For the readers of Part III, I have, on pages 251-2, compared four of the Notes in *More Pages from a Journal* with the four notes in the manuscript book from which they were taken, in order that it may be seen how much and in what manner the author shaped many of these notes for press. So great, sometimes, are the alterations that had he not particularly included his note-books in the manuscripts from which he wished me to select matter for publication, I should have hesitated to use them. In tracing those printed in *More Pages* to their source, I find, for example, again and again, that the personal element

¹ See p. 106.

has been entirely eradicated and the whole paragraph reconstructed on an impersonal basis. The notes are given in the order in which they are entered in the manuscript book, that is to say, probably without exception in chronological order.¹ I have however inserted two at the end, taken from the author's Shakespeare note-book. They are the last entered in that book, and I have good reason to think they were amongst the last he wrote. Though there are frequently large gaps between the notes selected, I have made no excisions in the notes themselves.

It was the author's wish that the paper on Spenser and Kilcolman should not be printed without the photograph which stands as frontispiece to the volume.

DOROTHY V. WHITE.

¹ This is not always the case in *More Pages from a Journal*.

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PART I

SPENSER AND KILCOLMAN¹

ALTHOUGH it is true that if we fly to books as an opiate our brains will become atrophied and we neglect the more wholesome and infinitely more entertaining amusement to be obtained from objects and people near us, it is also true that books, even if they give us no direct answers to our questions, may be of great service to us. Scott and Jane Austen are a welcome sanctuary in the midst of prosaic troubles. The reason which impels us to lose ourselves in the *Faerie Queene* was also, I believe, the reason which induced Spenser to write it. It is pure romance, composed in hostile surroundings and a refuge from them. The greater part is due to the years 1586-98, when Spenser was living in Kilcolman Castle, in the county of Cork, between Mallow and Limerick. It was not in fact a castle, as the photograph of the ruins shows, but a fortified peel-house, with all the inconveniences of a tower built almost entirely for defence.

¹ [There was no title to this MS.]

Fortification was necessary, for it stood on the border of a country nominally subject to the English Government but in reality quite independent of it. Man and nature were almost *primaeval*. The Queen's writ did not run in Munster, Spenser's province; no justice of assize durst exercise his commission in it; no treason, murder, rape nor theft could be punished by English law, and hardly any inquiry was made when these crimes were perpetrated. Many salutary Acts of Parliament, which, if they had been enforced, would have tended to regenerate the country, had been passed by the Earl of Sussex, the King's Deputy under Henry VIII,¹ but no attention was paid to them. The only authority was that of the heads of the septs or clans which were chiefly occupied in cutting one another's throats. As a consequence of this anarchy, which prevailed more or less over all Ireland, the Irish had no rights at law and it was no felony to kill them. The condition of Spenser's neighbours and their way of living were incredible. At the close of the Desmond rebellion he says (*A View of the Present State of Ireland*. Globe edition, p. 654): 'Out of every corner of the woodes and glinnes they came creeping foorth upon theyr

¹ [Not created Lord Deputy till Mary's reign, 1556 or 1557.]

' handes, for theyr legges could not beare
 ' them ; they looked like anatomyes of death,
 ' they spake like ghostes crying out of theyr
 ' graves ; they did eate of the dead carrions,
 ' happy were they yf they could finde them,
 ' yea, and one another soone after, insoemuch
 ' as the very carcasses they spared not to
 ' scrape out of theyr graves ; and yf they
 ' founde a plotte of water-cresses or sham-rokes,
 ' there they flocked as to a feast for the time,
 ' yet not able long to continue therewithall ;
 ' that in shorte space there were none allmost
 ' left, and a most populous and plentifull
 ' countrey suddaynly made voyde of man or
 ' beast : yet sure in all that warre, there
 ' perished not many by the swoorde, but all
 ' by the extremitie of famine which they
 ' themselves had wrought.'

In *Colin Clouts Come Home Againe*
 (p. 552)¹ Colin contrasts England with Ireland:

' No wayling there [in England] nor wretchednesse is
 heard,
 No bloodie issues nor no leprosies,
 No griesly famine, nor no raging sward,
 No nightly bordrags [border robbers], nor no hue
 and cries.'

Religion and manners came off badly.
 There were bishoprics in which no divine

¹ [Globe Edition.]

service was performed, and Fynes Moryson, who was Secretary to Lord Mountjoy, the Lord Deputy, reports in his *Description of Ireland* written in the time of James I: 'At
 ' *Corck* I haue seene with these eyes, young
 ' maides starke naked grinding of Corne with
 ' certaine stones to make cakes thereof,
 ' and striking of into the tub of meale, such
 ' reliques thereof as stuck on their belly,
 ' thighes and more vnseemely parts.' As these young maids were grinding corn with stones they could not have been infants. It was in Munster, as I have said, on the edge of the impassable wilderness inhabited by the most uncivilized people in Europe, that this English gentleman and scholar chose to live for twelve years, and here he produced canto after canto of poetry which, whatever may be its other merits or its demerits, is the most romantic and melodious in our language, almost also without any peer for refinement, a dream of true chivalry. Spenser was Clerk to the Council of Munster, but he might have taken a house at Cork, or at any rate in some town where he would not have wondered every morning, when he looked out from his tower over the pathless forest towards the Galtee mountains, what hidden horrors might lurk there. He was to know later on what they

were when savagery, seven thousand strong, swooped down upon him out of darkness, burnt Kilcolman, with one of his children, and compelled him to fly for his life.

We wonder that the contrast between Munster and Queen Elizabeth's court, or even the society of Dublin, where Spenser was Lord Grey's private secretary and Clerk to the Irish Court of Chancery, was not intolerable. Wordsworth loved solitude, but when he walked abroad over his Cumberland hills he found there human beings like Michael and Robert Walker of Seathwaite.

A pretty picture of select Dublin society during Spenser's time has been drawn by Lodovick Bryskett in his *Discourse of Civill Life containing the Ethike part of Morall Philosophie*. Bryskett had made a three years' grand tour with the young Philip Sidney, and was Spenser's predecessor in the office of Clerk of the Chancery. He records a meeting about 1582 at a cottage near Dublin of three or four friends, Spenser being one, who talked about 'Morall Philosophie,' a notable little company. Included in it were Carleil, who had been captain of the *Tiger* under Sir Francis Drake as admiral, Thomas Norreis, soldier, afterwards Sir Thomas Norreis and President of Munster, described as of 'very

'great worth, modesty and discretion,' Captains
 Warham St. Leger and Nicholas Dawtrey,
 together with Dr. Long, Primate of Ardmagh.
 It is singular to find soldiers and an archbishop
 discussing Plato and Aristotle. Bryskett
 lamented the disadvantages under which the
 English lay as compared with the Italians in
 the study of moral philosophy. The Italians
 had brought down Plato and Aristotle to easy
 comprehension. He then turned to Spenser :
 ' But now that so good an oportunitie is offered
 ' vnto me, to fatisfie in some fort my desire ; I
 ' thinke I should commit a great fault, not to
 ' my selfe alone, but to all this company, if I
 ' should not enter my request thus farre, as to
 ' moue him [Spenser] to spend this time
 ' which we haue now destined to familiar dis-
 ' course and conuersation, in declaring vnto vs
 ' the great benefites which men obtaine by the
 ' knowledge of Morall Philosophie, and in
 ' making vs to know what the same is, what
 ' be the parts thereof, whereby vertues are to
 ' be distinguished from vices : and finally that
 ' he will be pleased to run ouer in such order
 ' as he shall thinke good, such and so many
 ' principles and rules thereof, as shall serue
 ' not only for my better instructiō, but also for
 ' the contentmēt and satisfaction of you al.
 ' For I nothing doubt, but that euery one of

' you will be glad to heare so profitable a dif-
 ' course, and thinke the time very wel spent,
 ' wherein so excellent a knowledge shal be
 ' reuealed vnto you, from which euery one
 ' may be assured to gather some fruit as wel
 ' as my self. Therefore (saide I) turning my selfe
 ' to M. *Spenser*, It is you sir, to whom it per-
 ' taineth to shew your selfe courteous now
 ' vnto vs all, and to make vs all beholding
 ' vnto you for the pleasure and profit
 ' which we shall gather from your speeches,
 ' if you shall vouchsafe to open vnto vs the
 ' goodly cabinet, in which this excellent trea-
 ' sure of vertues lieth locked vp from the
 ' vulgar sort. And thereof in the behalfe of
 ' all, as for my selfe, I do most earnestly in-
 ' treat you not to fay vs nay.'

Spenser 'answered in this maner. Though
 ' it may seeme hard for me to refuse the
 ' request made by you all, whom, euery one
 ' alone, I should for many respects be willing to
 ' gratifie: yet as the case standeth, I doubt
 ' not but with the consent of the most part of
 ' you, I shall be excused at this time of this
 ' taske which would be laid vpon me. For
 ' sure I am, that it is not vnknowne vnto you,
 ' that I haue already vndertaken a work
 ' tending to the same effect, which is in
 ' *heroical verse*, vnder the title of a *Faerie*

‘ *Queene*, to represent all the moral vertues,
 ‘ assigning to euery vertue, a Knight to be the
 ‘ patron and defender of the same: in whose
 ‘ actions and feates of armes and chivalry, the
 ‘ operations of that vertue, whereof he is the
 ‘ protector, are to be expressed, and the vices
 ‘ & vnruely appetites that oppose themselues
 ‘ against the same, to be beatē downe &
 ‘ ouercome.’ He then goes on to propose
 that Bryskett should read to them or other-
 wise deliver unto them a translation he had
 made from the Italian of a dialogue by Giraldi
 on the Ethic part of Moral Philosophy. If
 Bryskett will do this ‘ he shal (I warrant you)
 ‘ satisfie you all at the ful, and himselfe wil
 ‘ haue no cause but to thinke the time well
 ‘ spent in reuiewing his labors, especially in
 ‘ the company of so many his friends, who
 ‘ may thereby reape much profit, and the
 ‘ translation happily fare the better by some
 ‘ mending it may receiue in the perusing, as
 ‘ all writings else may do by the oftē ex-
 ‘ aminatiō of the same. Neither let it trouble
 ‘ him, that I so turne ouer to him againe the
 ‘ taske he wold haue put me to: for it falleth
 ‘ out fit for him to verifie the principall part
 ‘ of all this Apologie, euen now made for him-
 ‘ selfe; because thereby it will appeare that he
 ‘ hath not withdrawne himself from seruice of

‘the State, to liue idle or wholly priuate to
 ‘himselfe, but hath spent some time in doing
 ‘that which may greatly benefit others, and
 ‘hath serued not a little to the bettering of
 ‘his owne mind, and increasing of his know-
 ‘ledge, though he for modesty pretend much
 ‘ignorance, and pleade want in wealth, much
 ‘like some rich beggars, who either of custom,
 ‘or for couetousnes, go to begge of others those
 ‘things whereof they haue no want at home.’

A pretty picture, I repeat, of society in Elizabethan days amongst educated young Englishmen more or less exiles in a strange land. They are genuinely in earnest upon matters not directly religious, but nevertheless matters which do not concern their own personal aggrandizement. They are in earnest, that is to say, about *ideas*. Philosophy, especially for Spenser, was a friend divinely wise and serene.

‘The generall end therefore of all the booke’ (*The Faerie Queene*), Spenser says in the introductory letter to Sir W. Raleigh, ‘is to
 ‘fashion a gentleman or noble person in ver-
 ‘tuous and gentle discipline.’ The first attribute of the ‘gentleman,’ strange to say, is Holiness displayed in the Red Cross Knight. It is he who is the victor over the filthy monster Error, although he is led astray

afterwards by a phantom, created by wizardry. The second virtue is Temperance, exemplified in Sir Guyon. Courage, never-failing courage, is a 'constant' with each virtue, a fact worth notice. Thus the character of the perfect gentleman with whom Spenser designed in imagination to live at Kilcolman, is built up. The Red Cross Knight, Sir Guyon, Britomart, and the Prince are to make amends for the 'salvage soyl.' In the *Faerie Queene* there are horrors not to be surpassed by anything Spenser saw in Munster, but the heroes triumph.

Spenser exults in his portraiture of the ideal knight, and is as sincere as Dante. Listen to his description of Prince Arthur's shield :

' His warlike shield all closely cover'd was,
 Ne might of mortall eye be ever seene ;
 Not made of steele, nor of enduring bras,
 Such earthly mettals soon consumed beene,
 But all of Diamond perfect pure and cleene
 It framed was, one massy entire mould,
 Hewen out of Adamant rocke with engines keene,
 That point of speare it never percen could,
 Ne dint of direfull sword divide the substance would.

The same to wight he never wont disclose,
 But whenas monsters huge he would dismay,
 Or daunt unequall armies of his foes,
 Or when the flying heavens he would affray ;

For so exceeding shone his glistring ray,
 That Phoebus golden face it did attaint,
 As when a cloud his beames doth over-lay;
 And silver Cynthia waxed pale and faynt,
 As when her face is staynd with magicke arts
 constraint.

No magicke arts hereof had any might,
 Nor bloody wordes of bold Enchaunters call;
 But all that was not such as seemd in sight
 Before that shield did fade, and suddeine fall:
 And when him list the raskall routes appall,
 Men into stones therewith he could transmew,
 And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all;
 And, when him list the prouder lookes subdew,
 He would them gazing blind, or turne to other hew.'

This is not mere fancy. Observe how the allegory seems to thin out in the last stanza and gains an aerial, spiritual significance which is the charm and the value of the best poetry and fiction. So also in the Fifth Book we meet with a huge giant who boasts that he would re-weigh in his great balance rights and wrongs, truth and falsehood, according to his own weight; but the Right, notwithstanding he

. . . 'strove with puissance strong

. . .
 And swat, and chauf'd, and proved every way'
 outweighed the Wrong:

'... all the wrongs that he therein could lay
 Might not it peise.'

The Prince rescues the Red Cross Knight, Una's beloved, from a giant into whose power he had been betrayed by Duessa, a false witch. He was unfaithful to Una; but because it was through enchantment he had fallen, she never blames him nor wavers in her love for him :

‘ Be judge, ye heavens, that all things right esteeme,
How I him lov'd, and love with all my might.
So thought I eke of him, and think I thought
aright.’

Notice here Spenser's skill. Had he been permitted the use of the most expressive, penetrating prose, he could not have said more completely what he had to say. But he says it in music as sweet as Mozart, and nothing is sacrificed.

It was not, however, knightly victory alone which attracted and pacified Spenser in his tower. As before said, it was *romance*, the contrast between its world of noble miracle, of faith, and the world of Desmonds, Tyrones and English incapacity in which his outer life was passed. The Red Cross Knight, who overcomes a dragon after a three days' fight, may be totally impossible fiction, but he is more profitable company than the politician whose achievements fill the newspapers of

to-day. The knight is real and the politician is not.

We have to give the word 'romance' a wide meaning. It is sometimes mythology, sometimes allegory, but whatever it is Spenser found himself in it. In the description of Prince Arthur's conflict with the captain of the rabble rout of monstrous, misformed creatures by whom Alma's castle was beset, the Prince's magic sword, which had never been known to fail, was useless. The captain's body, or what seemed to be his body, is hewn asunder, but straightway re-unites itself, and the miscreant is as strong as he was before. The Prince throws away sword and shield, and dashes him to the earth; but he springs up again unhurt. At last Arthur crushes him against his breast:

'Tho [then] up he caught him twixt his puissant
hands,
And having scruzd out of his carrion corse
The lothfull life, now loosd from sinfull bands,
Upon his shoulders carried him perforce
Above three furlongs, taking his full course
Until he came unto a standing lake;
Him thereinto he threw without remorse,
Ne stird, till hope of life did him forsake:
So end of that Carles dayes and his owne paynes
did make.'

This is partly borrowed, but Spenser feels

it none the less. It is really his 'religion.' It is in romance that the strength of religion lies. Britomart may be a saving creed: a mere code or collection of propositions cannot.

The delicacy of Spenser's poetry and the unworldliness of the help which it offers is conspicuous in the description of Una's adventure when she is at the point of violation by Sansloy and is saved by a troop of Satyrs who burst in upon him and he flies :

'The wyld woodgods, arrived in the place,
There find the virgin, doolfull, desolate,
With ruffled rayments, and fayre blubbred face,
As her outrageous foe had left her late;
And trembling yet through feare of former hate.'

The wyld woodgods are generally represented as ruled by lust, but lo!

'All stand amazed at so uncouth sight,
And gin to pittie her unhappie state:
All stand astonied at her beautie bright,
In their rude eyes unworthie of so wofull plight.

.

They, in compassion of her tender youth,
And wonder of her beautie soverayne,
Are wonne with pittie and unwonted ruth;
And, all prostrate upon the lowly playne,
Doe kisse her feete, and fawne on her with
count'nance fayne.'

Earthly desire is extinguished and they are compelled to

. . . 'worship her as Queene with olive girlond
cround.'

The homage, alas, does not end in orthodox fashion. She strove

'To teach them truth, which worshipt her in
vaine,
And made her th' Image of Idolatryes ;
But when their bootlesse zeale she did restrayne
From her own worship, they her Asse would
worship fayn.'

Nevertheless, the worship of an ass, especially Una's ass, 'more white then snow,' was more religious than the worship of the Satyric Baal of the twentieth century.

Another wonderful example is the description of Nepenthe :

'Nepenthe is a drinck of soverayne grace,
Devized by the Gods, for to asswage
Harts grief, and bitter gall away to chace,
Which stirs up anguish and contentious rage :
Instead thereof sweet peace and quiet-age
It doth establish in the troubled mynd.
Few men, but such as sober are and sage,
Are by the Gods to drinck thereof assynd ;
But such as drinck, eternall happinesse do fynd,

Such famous men, such worthies of the earth,
 As Jove will have advaunced to the skie,
 And there made gods, though borne of mortall
 berth,
 For their high merits and great dignitie,
 Are wont, before they may to heaven flie,
 To drinke hereof, whereby all cares forepast
 Are washt away quite from their memorie.
 So did those olde Heroës hereof taste,
 Before that they in blisse amongst the Gods were
 plaste.'

Not beer, by any means, but liquor for those
 who 'sober are and sage.' How often at
 Kilcolman Spenser must have longed for a
 draught! How often he succeeded in draining
 the cup!

The lovely prefatory verses to the Sixth
 Book show that from the *Faerie Queene*
 Spenser obtained the relief he sought:

'The waies, through which my weary steps I
 guyde
 In this delightfull land of Faery,
 Are so exceeding spacious and wyde,
 And sprinckled with such sweet variety
 Of all that pleasant is to eare or eye,
 That I, nigh ravisht with rare thoughts delight,
My tedious travell doe forget thereby; [Italics the
 present writer's.]
 And, when I gin to feel decay of might,
 It strength to me supplies, and chears my dulled
 spright.'

With the *Faerie Queene*, although in Kilcolman Tower, Spenser is in his own world :

““Surely, my sonne,” (then answer’d he againe)
 “ If happie, then it is in this intent,
 That having small yet doe I not complaine
 Of want, ne wish for more it to augment,
 But doe my selfe with that I have content ;
 So taught of nature, which doth litle need
 Of forreine helpes to lifes due nourishment :
 The fields my food, my flocke my rayment breed ;
 No better doe I weare, no better doe I feed.””

The intrinsic worth of these verses is almost masked by their melody. Never were music and words better fitted !

Amongst the great qualities celebrated in the *Faerie Queene* is the noble restlessness of its heroes, their untiring championship of the good. Most attractive also is the constant desperateness of the struggle. Paynim, giant, and dragon are not overcome till the knight has made his last effort, and defeat, if it be not ultimate, is acknowledged.

Victory, even in the *Faerie Queene*, is not everywhere complete. Archimago, the great Adversary, Satanas, true to fact, is not only ubiquitous, but can assume countless disguises, and, at any rate in that half of the *Faerie Queene* which we possess, always eludes us. Each of his machinations for the time is foiled and this is all we can expect.

To conclude as I began. If we are sure that it is not for us to reform the world, let us retreat. It does not so much matter where, so long as our cottage is not noisy and we can take pleasure in a few pictures on the walls. We may, perhaps, by our secluded quietude be doing more good to the world than we know.

JAMES BRADLEY AND THE STARS

FOR over 150 years after the world began to believe in what is commonly known as the Copernican system, it was a reproach that it could not be proved directly. If the earth revolved round the sun, the relative positions of the stars ought not to appear the same to us in different parts of the orbit. But no change in their places could be detected (in June and December) by the most careful measurements, although the earth at midsummer is more than a hundred and eighty millions of miles distant from its place at midwinter. It is remarkable that in the absence of what seemed to be indispensable evidence, the faith of astronomers and mathematicians in the Copernican theory should have been unshaken. The truth is that real faith requires knowledge, and we can believe, and then only, that this enormous globe is whirled round a central point at the rate of sixty-eight thousand miles an hour, if we are accustomed to thoughts which tend to prevent the incredibility of such a fact.

James Bradley, belonging to an ancient Durham family, was born in 1692 or 1693 at Sherbourn, in Gloucestershire, and went to school at Northleach hard by. What his father was is not clear, but his mother was sister to the Reverend James Pound, rector at Wanstead, 'one of the best [astronomical] 'observers in England,' says Rigaud, the editor of Bradley's *Miscellaneous Works*. Bradley went to Balliol, but he passed much of his time with this uncle. In 1716 Halley noticed him in a letter to Pound, and in 1717 described him in the *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society* as 'eruditus iuvenis, qui simul 'ingenio et industria pollens his studiis pro- 'movendis aptissimus natus est.' After taking priest's orders and serving for a time as vicar and then as rector, he was appointed Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford, and resigned his ecclesiastical preferments. In 1725 he became acquainted with a gentleman named Molyneux, living on Kew Green, also an astronomer; and Molyneux, with Bradley's help, determined to resume the inquiry, which in the hands of Hooke had met with no result, of determining a parallax for some star, that is to say, of deducing the proof so much desired. Graham, a very poet of instrument makers, constructed the observing telescope.

Upon extreme accuracy everything depended. The star to be observed, now become historical, was γ Draconis, the one most favourably situated. On December 3rd, 1725, it was most carefully watched, and again on the 5th, 12th, 17th. On the 17th it passed the meridian a little to the south of the point at which it passed on the 5th. Bradley at first thought there might be a mistake, and examined every adjustment of his telescope with the utmost care several times. He found he could depend on Graham to within half a second. The observations were continued. The star had travelled twenty seconds further southwards till March, 1726, when it then turned northwards, and continued advancing in this direction till September. From September it went southwards till March.

It was evident that there was a periodic movement in the star, but it was not a movement for which parallax could account. If this had been the cause, the most southerly point ought to have been reached in December. The other stars examined by Bradley confirmed the law which governed γ Draconis. We see little or nothing of the interior of Bradley's mind. We should like to know what were his emotions after setting up the Kew telescope and the first few nights' work

with it; what they were when he became convinced that γ Draconis did describe an elliptical orbit; and what they were when he was compelled sadly to admit that it was not the orbit he wanted and expected. The only recorded effect which his disappointment had upon him is contained in these few words: ' [He] now determined on setting up another 'instrument for himself.' It was erected in a little house in which his aunt Pound, now a widow, lived at Wanstead, and was completed in August, 1727. It was made by Graham, who this time succeeded in reaching perfection within a quarter of a second. Nobody but the man who has gone through the experience can understand the delight of possessing and using a noble instrument which seems to be almost a personal friend who never betrays. Nobody, either, without the experience can understand the contentment of an artist like Graham when he knows that what he has wrought with such affectionate, religious care, is in the hands of a consummate scholar like Bradley, and that not one of its virtues will escape him. A word or two may be permitted about Graham from the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1751, which records his death. After enumerating his inventions, amongst which were the mercurial

pendulum and the instruments used by the French mathematicians for ascertaining the value of a degree on the earth's surface, a revised measurement which enabled Sir Isaac Newton to demonstrate that the force which acts on falling terrestrial bodies is the same as that which acts on those celestial, the *Magazine* goes on to say: 'His temper was 'not less communicative than his genius was 'penetrating, and his principal view was not 'either the accumulation of wealth, or the 'diffusion of his fame, but the advancement 'of science and the benefit of mankind. . . . 'He frequently lent money, but could never 'be prevailed upon to take any interest, and 'for that reason he never placed out any 'money upon government securities; he had 'bank notes which were 30 years old by 'him when he died, and his whole property, 'except his stock in trade, was found in a 'strong box.' One would like to have seen this stock in trade, for Graham divided his circles with his own hands. Amongst the circles so divided was the one for the great mural quadrant at Greenwich. He lived in Fleet-street, died there at the age of seventy-six, and was buried at Westminster Abbey. Nobody seems to know anything about his relations or whether he was married.

Bradley's income at this time was £138 5s.9d. annually. His journal from August, 1727, to the end of the year occupies nineteen quarto pages of figures. 'When the year was completed,' he says in his letter to Halley of January, 1729, announcing his discovery, 'I began to examine and compare my observations, and having pretty well satisfied myself as to the general laws of the phenomena, I then endeavoured to find out the cause of them.' Through the whole of 1728 the journal was continued. Now and then he permits himself a word of comment: 'The wind blew pretty strong from the north-west, and the stars moved very steady all this night, so that I judge these observations good, they having been made with all the care I could take.' We may be sure of that, but how great it was who can tell? Excepting such an occasional remark, there is nothing but line after line of such entries as 'Capella 11. 32. 2 steady, 7. 22. 9, 4. 9. 3,' and so on. Two or three hypotheses suggested themselves by way of explaining the uniformity of motion in the star, but were rejected. Amongst them were the nutation or shifting of the earth's axis, an alteration in his plumbline, and refraction. Finally, Bradley fell upon the velocity of light compared with the velocity of the earth

in its orbit as the solution of the problem. The date at which the happy thought occurred to him was most probably about September, 1728. It is difficult to make it intelligible without diagrams. The reader must conceive the earth moving round the sun and meeting the rays of light from a star. The speed of these rays, it is true, is much greater than that of the earth, but not so much greater that the difference is inappreciable. Now, if he thinks and thinks, he will see that the star will not appear to be in the same position as if the difference in velocity could be neglected. This seeming alteration in position is *aberration*. Delaunay gives the most effectual exposition of it I know, but it extends over several pages. The best illustrations perhaps are those by Lalande, by Airy in his Ipswich *Lectures on Popular Astronomy*, and by Thomson in his *History of the Royal Society*. Airy is also too long to quote, but, as might have been expected from him, he is thorough and clear. Lalande's illustration is as good as Airy's, but shorter. Lalande says: 'Je suppose que, dans un temps calme, ' la pluie tombe perpendiculairement, et qu'on ' soit dans une voiture ouverte sur le devant ; ' si la voiture est en repos on ne reçoit pas la ' moindre goutte de pluie ; si la voiture avance ' avec rapidité, la pluie entre sensiblement,

'comme si elle avoit pris une direction oblique,' that is to say, the drops will appear to come from a different point in the sky. In Thomson's *History of the Royal Society*, it is said that the clue was given to Bradley while he was sailing in a boat on the Thames. When the boat was at rest, the vane, of course, was turned exactly the opposite way to that from which the wind was blowing. If the boat was rowed, say, westerly, the vane shifted, and no longer showed the wind's true direction. Bradley asked the watermen if they had ever paid any attention to this change. They replied it had often been noticed, but they did not know the reason for it. He then reflected that if the wind was north and the boat turned westwards it met two currents of air, one from the north and the other apparently from the west. The wind, therefore, must appear to come from some point nearer than its true point to that towards which the boat was going. In this way, the rays of light meeting the eyes from a star seemed by the movement of the earth to approach us from a point other than that from which they would proceed if there were no such movement. What had happened in Bradley's mind was not a necessary conclusion of an inductive process. The instantaneous suggestion was

an inspiration, and this is all that can be said about it. Quietly the facts laid themselves down, and then on a certain memorable day something touched them, and their truth leapt into light. Thomson adds: 'The exact coincidence of the motions of all the stars with the hypothesis of the aberration of light, affords an unanswerable argument, both for the motion of light, and for the revolution of the earth round the sun.' Delaunay says: 'Le phénomène de l'aberration, ainsi découvert par Bradley, et confirmé par toutes les observations faites depuis sa découverte, doit être regardé comme étant d'une extrême importance en astronomie. En effet, outre qu'il a servi à constater l'exactitude des idées émises par Roemer sur la transmission successive de la lumière, il a fourni une preuve directe de la réalité du mouvement de la terre autour du soleil. Si la terre était en repos, les mouvements annuels des étoiles, observés par Bradley, seraient tout à fait inexplicables; tandis que leur explication est toute naturelle, dès qu'on admet que le mouvement du soleil n'est qu'une apparence due à ce que la terre se meut autour de cet astre.'

From the beginning of the Wanstead observations in 1727, it was clear that some cause more minute than aberration determined

certain movements of the stars. This effect would be produced by the revolution in about eighteen years of the pole in an ellipse the diameters of which were only a few seconds. Bradley was sure of his explanation in 1732, but he chose to wait till the whole cycle of revolution was complete, or even longer, for he did not make his report to the Earl of Macclesfield till December 31, 1747. In some respects the discovery of nutation is more noteworthy than that of aberration, inasmuch as Bradley's moral qualities are more conspicuous in it, such, for example, as his inability to neglect the minutest quantities and his power to stay himself from shouting when the secret came into his possession.

Halley, the Astronomer Royal, died on January 14, 1742. Walpole was defeated on February 2, 1742, but he did not resign till the 11th of that month. It is to his credit that he made haste to forestall favouritism, and nominated Bradley as Halley's successor. Oxford honoured him with the degree of *Doctor in Sacra Theologia*, a title not so inappropriate as it may seem. At Greenwich his devotion to his science remained unabated, and the transit observations he made during the first year he was there occupy 177 folio pages. He had only one assistant, his nephew,

but he was an untrained boy when Bradley appointed him.

Bradley died in July, 1762, when he was seventy, and was buried at Minchinhampton, in Gloucestershire, near his wife and mother, whom he much loved. He did not marry till he was over fifty. The last two years of his life were spent under a melancholy depression of spirits. His chief distress arose from 'an apprehension that he should survive his rational faculties; but this so much dreaded evil never came upon him.' Nevertheless he went down to his grave in fear and gloom, which the memory of his achievements could not dispel.

Bradley undoubtedly possessed that unanalysable quality called genius; but it was not in the least like the genius of Byron or Shelley. We cannot conceive the eyes of that calm face 'in a fine frenzy rolling.' He did not permit the humblest unexplained fact to pass. Perhaps in nothing is genius shown more distinctively than in the refusal to let go a small thing which we cannot at first comprehend, or to make ourselves believe *it doesn't matter*. I think it was Berzelius of whom it is reported that he was careful to examine what everybody else threw away.

Bradley was Bacon's *interpretres naturae*.

What the creator thought it worth while to write, he thought it worth while to decipher. Let us listen to what he says so modestly in his letter to Lord Macclesfield: 'When I shall
' mention the small quantity of deviation which
' the stars are subject to from the cause that
' I have been so long searching after, I am
' apprehensive that I may incur the censure of
' some persons, for having spent so much time
' in the pursuit of such a seeming trifle; but
' the candid lovers of science will, I hope, make
' due allowance for that natural ardour with
' which the mind is urged on towards the
' discovery of truths, in themselves perhaps of
' small moment, were it not that they tend to
' illustrate others of greater use.'

Of Bradley's private life we hear little or nothing. As already said, he loved his wife and mother, he was generous to his relations, and, we are told, not unexpectedly, 'he was
' averse from the promiscuous conversation of
' common society.' This is about all we know. On the night, in 1745, when the news of the triumphant march of the Pretender probably reached London and all the town was in alarm, he was in his observatory. He noted the progress of ϵ Ursae Maioris and β Draconis, and went to bed in peace.

I will conclude with Delambre's opinion of

him. He deserved 'la place la plus distinguée
'après celle d'Hipparque et de Képler, et au-
'dessus des plus grands astronomes de tous
'les âges et de tous les pays.' This may seem a
little extravagant, but when we come to know
Bradley thoroughly we shall find it is not far
from the truth.

It is now many years since I became acquainted with this great man, but this is the first time I have written anything about him. I have refrained partly because, not having any really scientific knowledge of astronomy, I have been afraid of blundering, and partly because, if we are to form a just estimate of a man's greatness, we must be thoroughly familiar with the sphere in which he moves. I understand enough about the stars to make me astonished at Bradley's gifts, but I am convinced that if I understood enough to enable me to use the Wanstead zenith sector, I should abase myself before him. To most of the readers of the *Nation*¹ astronomy may not be interesting, but nevertheless they may be able to discern something in my hero which touches their own lives.

¹ [This paper appeared in the *Nation*, August 19, 1911.]

AN AFTERNOON WALK IN OCTOBER

IT was a day by itself, coming after a fortnight's storm and rain. The sun did not shine clearly, but it spread through the clouds a tender, diffused light, crossed by level cloud-bars, which stretched to a great length, quite parallel. The tints in the sky were wonderful, every conceivable shade of blue-grey, which contrived to modulate into the golden brilliance in which the sun was veiled. I went out in the afternoon. It was too early in the year for a heavy fall of leaves, but nevertheless the garden was covered. They were washed to the sides of the roads, and lay heaped up over the road-gratings, masses of gorgeous harmonies in red, brown, and yellow. The chestnuts and acorns dropped in showers, and the patter on the gravel was a little weird. The chestnut husks split wide open when they came to the ground, revealing the polished brown of the shy fruit.

The lavish, drenching, downpour in extravagant excess had been glorious. I went down to the bridge to look at the floods. The valley

was a great lake, reaching to the big trees in the fields which had not yet lost the fire in their branches. The river-channel could be discerned only by the boiling of the current. It had risen above the crown of the main stone arch, and swirled and plunged underneath it. A furious backwater, repulsed from the smaller arch, aided the tumult. The wind had gone and there was perfect silence, save for the agitation of the stream, but a few steps upwards the gentle tinkle of the little runnels could be heard in their deeply-cut, dark, and narrow channels. In a few minutes they were caught up, rejoicing, in the embrace of the deep river which would carry them with it to the sea. They were safe now from being lost in the earth.

I went a little further up the hill : a flock of about fifty sheep were crossing from a field on one side of the road to another directly opposite. They were packed close together, and their backs were an undulating continuous surface. The shepherd was pursuing a stray sheep, and they stood still for a minute in the middle of the road. A farmer came up in his gig and was held back. He used impatient language. O farmer ! which is of more importance to the heavenly powers—that you should not be stopped, or that the sheep should

loiter and go into that field at their own pace? All sheep, by the way, look sad. Perhaps they are dimly aware of their destiny.

It was now about four o'clock. Two teams of plough-horses were coming out of a field on the way home. The owner takes great care of them. More magnificent horses never were seen ; glossy coats, tremendous haunches, strong enough to shake a house if it came to an earnest pull, immense feet, slow-stepping : very gentle the huge creatures seemed. The first team was led by a hale, ruddy-faced old man, between seventy and eighty, whom I have known for years. Always he has a cheery word for me. I told him he ought to be proud of such animals, and I am sure he is. He is happy on his eighteen shillings a week, looking neither before nor after, and knowing next to nothing of the world outside his village. Happy? Yes, and reasonably happy.

By the side of the second team marched a boy of about fifteen, with whip almost erect over his shoulder. Put that boy back among his former comrades, the idlers in the village street, and he would be as unpleasant as any of them ; but, entrusted with responsibility, he will pass through the middle of them, not knowing one.

I watched the procession through the farm-yard-gate, which slammed behind them, and, after leaning over it for a while, wandered homewards by the skirts of Hazel Wood just as the sun was setting. The footpath goes along the edge of a field, two sides of which are bounded by trees, for the most part not very tall, but some of them are elms and rise to a considerable height.

There is enough in a very common object to satisfy all our hunger—more than enough. I never leave the curve which limits the tops of the trees round that field without feeling that there is in it something which I cannot exhaust. The attraction is not the same as that of the ‘view’ seen in passing. The ‘view’ of a mountain peak or a waterfall is a surprise. I stay alone with my field for an hour or two and it begets, in addition to a growing sense of loveliness, a religious peace, victorious over trouble and doubt.

In 1814, before they were altered, the lines towards the end of the first book of the *Excursion* stood thus :

. ‘those very plumes,
Those weeds, and the high spear-grass on that wall,
By mist and silent rain-drops silver’d o’er,
As once I passed, did to my heart convey
So still an image of tranquillity,

So calm and still, and looked so beautiful
Amid the uneasy thoughts which filled my mind,
That what we feel of sorrow and despair
From ruin and from change, and all the grief
The passing shews of Being leave behind,
Appeared an idle dream, that could not live
Where meditation was.'

‘THE SWEETNESS OF A MAN’S FRIEND’

‘But when he came to himself he said——.’

FORTY years ago I had been a clerk in a Government office in Whitehall for three years. My father was a small squire owning about 1,500 acres of land in the Midlands, and, as he had only two children, a girl and a boy, he contrived to send me to Harrow, his own school. When I left Harrow I went to Cambridge, and came out well in the Civil Service examination. Soon afterwards I became engaged to Margaret Rushworth, daughter of the rector in the little town of Hemsworth, about five miles from my home, and in 1870 we were married. In addition to my salary I had an allowance of £100 a year from home, and Margaret had £50 a year of her own. We set up house at Blackheath.

(Margaret was not a great reader, although what she read she read slowly and thoroughly. I thought she would ‘open out,’ as I infelicitously described a liking for literature, but in this way she did not open out. Perhaps it was required of her that she should develop

according to the law of her own nature. Providence may have considered it necessary, although probably she was not conscious of the command, that her particular character should be preserved without the interference or imposition of any other. I, on the contrary, lived in books; I worked hard at Cambridge, and I hated dissipation. It was this love of books that was answerable for certain defects in me; one of which was the absence of a sense of proportion. It is curious—Glycine's song of three or four verses in *Zapolya* or a dozen lines from *The Rape of the Lock* were more to me than the news of great events. I should even have thought it better worth while to discover how Shakespeare laced his shoes than to understand the provisions of a revolutionary Reform Bill. Conversation was interesting to me mainly in so far as it turned upon what I had been reading. I was often, no doubt, set down as a prig. I was not a prig, for I was much in earnest. I was however, I admit, an uncomfortable, unpopular acquaintance. The gay, the empty-hearted, empty-headed society joker scoffed at me because I was an easy chance he could not afford to miss of securing laughter at the expense of that stock subject, 'a serious person.'

My peculiar temperament did not fully reveal itself until some time after I was engaged. I then hoped for a happy time with Margaret : when in long evenings we could study Shelley together and discuss the connexion of the story in *The Revolt of Islam*, a problem I had not yet been able to solve. I belonged to a club, called, for no particular reason, the Saturday Club, of a dozen men about the same age as myself and of a somewhat similar disposition, who met together for mutual edification on the second and fifteenth of each month. It looks strange to many people, no doubt, but to me, even now, it is not strange that twelve persons belonging to this commonplace world could quietly seat themselves round a table and begin, without the aid of alcohol, tobacco, or even of coffee, to impart to one another their opinions on subjects which would generally be considered most uninviting. Once I came home with my head full of Milton's prosody. I proceeded immediately to pour out upon Margaret all the results of our debate and, more particularly, my own observations, but as she had never read *Paradise Lost*, and knew nothing of the laws of blank verse, I did not go on and was disappointed. She also was sad, and the evening passed as an evening passes in late

September when we have not begun fires, and cold rain sets in with the growing darkness. When either the second or fifteenth of the month fell on a Saturday, the hour of meeting was four o'clock. One Saturday we had tried to make out what really happened to the magic boat in *Alastor*. The eddying waters rise 'stair above stair,' and the boat is

'Seized by the sway of the ascending stream.'

I was puzzled and eager; I got home early and could not help trying to explain the difficulty to Margaret. I read all that part of *Alastor* to her which has to do with the movement of the boat, and I expatiated on it with some eloquence and almost with emotion. I could see she tried to follow me and to make clear to herself the miraculous course of the stream, but she did not succeed, and her irrelevant remarks made me irritable. She asked me who the wanderer was, and what was the object of his voyage. 'O Margaret,' I broke out, and I propped my elbows on the table, my head falling in despondency between my hands, 'O Margaret, I do wish I could find 'a little more sympathy in you. What a joy it 'would be for me if you cared for the things 'for which I care, those which really concern 'me.' She said nothing and I left the room,

but as I went I thought I saw tears in her eyes. I was frightened. I loved her passionately, and I said to myself that perhaps this was the beginning of decay in my love for her. What should I do, what should I be if we became estranged? I felt that horrible half-insane terror which men feel during an earthquake, when the ground under their feet begins to shake.

That night an old college friend came to supper with us. I had not seen him for two years. His name was Robert Barclay. His father was a clergyman who had been trained theologically in the school of Simeon, and was, consequently, very Low Church. Robert also, who went to Cambridge, was Low Church while he was there, but when he was five-and-twenty there came a great change. He woke up as if from a trance, and began to ask questions, the result of which was that the creed in which he had been educated seemed to have no rock-foundation, but to hang in the air. He went on until he could only say *I do not know*; but it was impossible for him to rest here. He was so constituted that he was compelled to affirm, and, by a process which I cannot now develop, he became a Roman Catholic, conquering, to his own satisfaction, the difficulty of finding for Papal authority a

support reaching down to the centre which he could not find in Simeonism. He was content to rest where Newman rested—'there is no help for it : we must either give up the belief in the Church as a divine institution altogether, or we must recognize it in that communion of which the Pope is the head ; we must take things as they are ; to believe in a Church is to believe in the Pope.'

Barclay was often at my father's house before his conversion, and there he fell in love with Veronica, Margaret's sister, who, with Margaret, was staying with my mother. Veronica also was deeply in love with him, and they were engaged. Slowly he became possessed with a desire to be a priest, with a sure conviction, in fact, that he ought to be one. Veronica by this time was a Roman Catholic, and she was strong enough to urge him to obey what both of them believed to be a divine injunction. What these two went through no mortal can tell : Heaven only knows. I had a glimpse every now and then of a struggle even unto death, of wrestling till the blood forced itself through the pores of the skin.

The difficulty lay not in doing what they were sure was right, but in discovering what the right was. Sometimes it seemed a clear

command that they should give themselves up to one another. There was no hesitation in it. Both of them were ardent, passionate, vividly imaginative. Was it conceivable that such an overwhelming impulse was not of God? The command that Robert should be a priest was nothing like so clear; but, on the other hand, both Veronica and Robert were too well instructed not to be aware that clearness is not decisive as to the authority of a direction, and that the true path may be suggested in a whisper when we are bidden, as if through a speaking trumpet, to take that which leads to destruction. What made the separation especially terrible, both to Veronica and Robert, it is hard to say. Here are a couple of lines from one of Robert's letters to me which may partly explain: 'There is something in this trouble I cannot put into words. 'It is the complete unfolding, the making real 'to myself, all that is hidden in that word '*Never*.' Is it possible to express by speech a white handkerchief waved from the window of the railway train, or the deserted platform where ten minutes before a certain woman stood, where her image still lingers? There is something in this which is not mere sorrow. It is rather the disclosure of that dread Abyss which underlies the life of man. One conse-

quence of this experience was the purest sincerity. All insincerity, everything unsound, everything which could not stand the severest test, was by this trial crushed out of him. His words uniformly stood for facts. Perhaps it was his sincerity which gave him a power over me such as no other man ever possessed. He could not persuade me to follow him into the Roman Catholic Church, but this was because Margaret held me back. She was the only person who could have enabled me to resist.

Robert was much struck with Margaret's account during supper of the manner in which she helped her poorer neighbours. She did not give them money or clothes or food, nor did she play the district visitor ; but she went into their houses and devoted to one woman an hour in cooking, to another an hour in washing clothes, or cleaning rooms and scrubbing floors. Not only was this real assistance, but it was an opportunity for her to show how work ought to be done. ' I can slip in some-
' thing now and then,' she said, ' which may do
' their souls good, and I am sure that it is the
' word which is spoken casually that is most
' effective with them. It is useless to talk
' abstractions or to preach in general terms the
' heinousness of sin ; but if Bill next door has
' beaten his wife or drinks and gives her nothing

'out of his wages, you can enlarge on his bad
'behaviour with much profit. As to religion
'as we understand it when we kneel at Holy
'Communion, it cannot be taught. It requires
'a heavenly endowment as much as writing
'great poems. Keeping your hands from pick-
'ing and stealing is a different matter.'

Margaret went early to bed. Her little girl, six months old, required her attention. We had been silent for a few minutes. Somewhat unexpectedly, without any introduction, Robert spoke.

'Margaret is original, and has real genius.
'What a blessing it is that she has honoured
'you with marriage. Let stupid people say
'what they will, originality and genius in a wife
'are amongst the greatest of earthly blessings.
'But, although amongst the greatest, there is
'something greater.' His voice shook a little. Genius! originality! I had not thought of it before. The boat in *Alastor* crossed my mind, but Robert's power asserted itself, a strength sufficient not only to change an opinion, but to alter entirely the aspect of things, just as in a flash, without argument, Saul perceived that he had been utterly mistaken. Robert revealed the truth of Margaret to me, and the revelation was almost miraculous, so strangely disproportionate were means to the effect.

I went into her room. I opened the door gently, and saw that she and her child were both asleep, but the night-light was burning. I took off my shoes outside and crept noiselessly to the little table by the side of the bed. A bookmark in a volume of Shelley showed me she had been studying the passages which I had read to her about the boat. I went back to bed, but not to sleep. Next morning, early, I again went into her room. She had been awake, for a page was turned over, but her eyes were closed. Her arm lay upon the coverlet. I knelt down and took her hand, that delicately beautiful hand with its filbert finger-nails—knelt down and kissed it softly. She started a little, sat up, and bent over me, and I felt her lips on my head, her thick hair falling over it and enveloping it. She died ten years ago. The face in the vision which is always before me is a happy face, thank God.

AN OMITTED PASSAGE IN THE 'PILGRIM'S PROGRESS'

IN the year 1678 appeared a second edition of the first part of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. It was considerably enlarged. One of the additions seems to have been almost immediately struck out, for only a single copy has been found which contains it. It is not good for much, but perhaps it is worth reprinting. In the *House Beautiful*, *Christian*, it will be remembered, was shown far off in the South the *Delectable Mountains*, from which the Gate of the *Celestial City* might be descried, and he was told that the Shepherds on the Mountains would instruct him further. *Discretion*, *Piety*, *Charity*, and *Prudence* walked with him down the hill, 'gave him a loaf of Bread, a bottle of Wine, and a cluster of Raisins ; and then he went on his way.' He had gone a mile into the *Valley of Humiliation*, when he met with the adventure described in the omitted passage which follows. It took place just before the encounter with *Apollyon*.

At the first milestone *Christian* noticed that the road swerved a trifle to the right, and

that a man, or what he took to be a man, sat on the ground with his back to the stone. He was a strange creature, for his face looked as if it was of wood; his eyes were holes; his nose was a wedge, and his mouth a wide crack. He leaned forward over a sheet of paper or parchment, which he seemed to be studying earnestly. He did not at first take notice when *Christian* came up to him, but presently he cried out, 'Whither away?'

It was with difficulty that *Christian* made out what he said, for his voice was wondrously rasping, like the grating of a chained wheel going down hill; but after a little time *Christian* replied that he was bound to the *Celestial City*.

'But that is not the straight road. It lies 'over there,' pointing with his finger to the south-east.

'I was told at the *House Beautiful* to look 'out for the *Delectable Mountains*, where 'I should be shown what remained of the way 'to the *City*.'

'For that matter, you can't see them here. 'But the *House Beautiful* is a foolish place, 'and foolish people dwell in it. They make 'much of their "rarities," as they call them, but 'they have not a map or compass amongst 'them, and they set up for instructing pilgrims!

'It would be much better if they would teach the pilgrims the use of these infallible guides than to delude them with Gideon's Pitchers, Trumpets, and Lamp; and David's Sling and Stone. Come here and sit by my side, and I will show you how to reach the *Celestial City*.'

So *Christian* sat beside him, and he spread out his map and pointed out the *City* on it. Then he took his compass and placed it on the map. 'Observe,' said he, 'the *City* is south-east from the point where we now are. The road on which you were going turns to the right. It is not marked here. Now, it is plain that the short and straight way to the *City* is shown by the compass, and that it lies along the path in front of you. If you care for them, I will sell you at a cheap rate a map and compass like my own, and will go a little way with you.'

Then was *Christian* evilly persuaded, and bought the map and compass, and they set out. The path grew narrower, and presently they came to a thicket crammed with big bushes, on which grew hook-shaped thorns, two inches long, hard and sharp. There was also an undergrowth of tough, twisted briars. 'We must get through this,' he said, looking at his compass; and he strove onwards, pushing

aside the thorny branches with his hands, and kicking at the briars with his feet. As he struggled with one of the branches, he became entangled with a briar, and a thorn fixed itself in him. It might have been alive, for, as he tried to free himself, it dragged the clothes from his body and then tore a deep gash in his side. *Christian* could see right into him, and was amazed to find there was no heart in the hole; but, in place of a heart, there were cogged wheels of brass which revolved with a clicking noise at a great rate. *Christian* was frightened almost out of his wits, and ran back till he was beyond the milestone. Then he met *Discretion*, *Piety*, *Charity*, *Prudence*, the four maidens who had accompanied him down hill.

‘We determined,’ said they, ‘to follow thee ‘for a space, inasmuch as many pilgrims have ‘been led astray a little further on.’ Then *Christian* told them what had happened.

‘We know him well,’ said they. ‘His name ‘is *Jannes*. It is he who withstood Moses ‘when he set up the image of the fiery serpent ‘to heal the people who were bitten. He said ‘it was superstitious nonsense, and that they ‘should rely on his ointments. His doctrine ‘is that men should live by well-grounded ‘generals. Everybody knows that a map and

'compass are the proper means whereby to
'find our way in this world, and, of course,
'therefore they are the proper means whereby
'to reach Heaven. Why did you not keep the
'*Delectable Mountains* in sight? Why did
'you go astray from the road which plainly
'led to them?'

'I could not see them,' said *Christian*.

'It was only a cloud, begotten of the valley,
'and if you had waited it would have vanished
'in a few minutes. However, we will give thee
'a nearer mark, and when you get to it there
'will be no danger that any cloud or fog will
'shut out the mountains from you. Come a
'little further.' *Christian* went with them, and
they pointed out to him a stone pillar a long
way off on the top of a hill. There was some-
thing on it which he could not quite make out.
Then the maidens lent him their glass, and he
saw that it was an image or statue of the Lord
Jesus. He stood upright, and his arm was
stretched out as it was in the picture at the
house of the *Interpreter* of the raising of
Lazarus. *Christian*, when he looked at that
picture, did not wonder that the dead Lazarus
obeyed our Lord.

'The road,' said *Charity*, 'leads straight to
'that hill. You will have many dangers to en-
'counter before you have climbed to the top of

'it, but, when you have passed through the
'valleys of *Humiliation* and of the *Shadow of*
'*Death*, it will be just beyond you, and then in
'a few minutes you will plainly behold the
'*Delectable Mountains*. Although your trials
'may be terrible, you will be victorious, for you
'are in the *right way*. You will be in the
'*right way* even when you are in the *Valley of*
'*the Shadow*. It is the *right way* which is of
'consequence. If you were to encounter these
'perils in the wrong way, which *Jannes* per-
'suaded you to enter, they would overwhelm
'you.'

Christian and *Charity* had a little further talk about *Jannes* before they parted. 'His
'compass,' said she, 'is not correct, and he does
'not understand that of necessity a compass
'does not point due north. Furthermore, there
'is iron in these parts which attracts the needle,
'so that it cannot be trusted. Our Lord hath
'ordained that pilgrims should always guide
'themselves by marks along the road, and this
'road they must not forsake.'

Then *Christian* remembered another picture at the *Interpreter's* house of a man toiling in a barren, rocky desert towards a Cross a long way ahead of him. The desert stretched far beyond the Cross, but he walked unhesitatingly onwards and towards it.

CAPTAIN JAMES'S 'STRANGE AND DANGEROUS VOYAGE'

MANY years ago, in studying Coleridge with that incomparable editor and biographer, Mr. James Dykes Campbell, he pointed out that Coleridge had certainly read Captain James's *Strange and Dangerous Voyage*, and was indebted to it for some of the colouring of the *Ancient Mariner*. A wider claim which had been raised on behalf of the *Voyage* could not, however, be admitted. Afterwards I read it for myself, and found it so remarkable that, as it was very scarce, it seemed worth while to make it a little better known. It was written in the year 1633 and not in the year 1910, and the story is therefore told in a little 12mo volume of 120 pages. Of Captain James nothing of any consequence is recorded excepting that he was a Bristol man, born near the end of the sixteenth century, and that, being much importuned by his friends, to whom he was known as a trained seaman and thoroughly qualified commanding officer, he undertook this adventure for the discovery of the North-West Passage. In his preface to the

Voyage he tells us that he has ever been of opinion that he would be more likely to be successful with one ship only, not exceeding seventy tons burden, and with a crew of about twenty men, than if he were more ambitious. Many volunteers presented themselves who had been in Arctic seas before, but, says the captain, 'I vtterly refused them all, and would
' by no meanes haue any with mee that had
' bin in the like voyage, or aduentures, for
' some priuate reasons vnneccessary here to be
' related; keeping thus the power in my owne
' hands I had all the men to acknowledge
' immediate dependance vpon my felfe alone;
' both for direction and disposing of all, as well
' of the Nauigation, as all other things what-
' foeuer.'

On May 3rd, 1631, the *Henrietta Maria* started from Bristol, and on June 5th she was in the ice. A storm sprang up, and pieces of ice with sharp blue edges stretched under the keel, and were as high as the poop. They beat upon the vessel 'as it were with wilfull violence,' and crushed the shallop to pieces. The *Henrietta Maria* forced herself through, and when the pumps were tried and no leak could be discovered, 'we went instantly to prayer, and
' to praise God for his mercifull deliuey of vs.'
On June 20th, after being blinded with a 'stink-

‘ing fogge,’ which, alas, ‘spoiled all our Com-
 ‘paffes, and made them flagge; and fo heavy
 ‘withall, that they would not trauerfe,’ the
 vessel got ashore in an ice-storm, and was
 ‘fo turned ouer, that wee could not stand in
 ‘her.’ Here, again, it seemed that the end was
 at hand, and therefore once more, ‘hauing
 ‘now done all to the best of our vnderstand-
 ‘ings (but to little purpose) we went all vpon
 ‘a piece of Ice and fell to prayer’, when, ‘vn-
 ‘expectedly,’ the tide ‘began to flow,’ and the
 ship was lifted. ‘Then was our sorrow turned
 ‘to ioy,’ and they praised God ‘for his mercy,
 ‘in so miraculous a deliuerance.’ By July 5th
 they were shut in with ice, and it was plain no
 discovery of a north-west passage could be
 made before next season, and that they must
 winter in those regions. A few days later
 they ‘went to halfe allowance of bread Flesh
 ‘dayes,’ and presently the crew for the first
 time began to murmur, ‘thinking it impossible
 ‘to get either forwards or backe-wards.’ The
 captain ‘comforted and incouraged them’ the
 best he could, and ‘to put away these cogita-
 ‘tions,’ they ‘dranke a health to his Maiestie
 ‘on the Ice; not one man in the Ship; and shee
 ‘still vnder all her sayles.’ The health was not
 out ‘of place,’ for, confesses the captain, ‘their
 ‘murmuring was not without reason.’

Whilst heaving in the cable, the men were thrown from the capstan and sorely hurt. The gunner's foot was wrung from his body, and the bone of his leg was crushed to pieces. The limb was taken off by the surgeon, who also dressed the wounds of the others who were injured. 'After which we comforted each other as well as we could,' the gunner doing his best in a seventy-ton vessel in Arctic cold. Towards the end of August, Captain James reckoned he had been driven back some sixteen or eighteen leagues, and a ship belonging to the Royal Navy was descried. She was commanded by Captain Fox, and, as we learn elsewhere, was the *Charles*, also of seventy tons, with a complement of twenty men and two boys. There was a slight interchange of tobacco and other trifles, and then the *Charles* stood away to the south-west, presumably homewards.

A couple of days afterwards the surgeon gave warning that scurvy had broken out. The captain knew what an Arctic winter was like, but he could not have made real to himself what was in front of him. The gunner was like to die, and now appeared this dreaded disease. Search was made for sorrel, but none could be found. A number of the sick men were then sent to another part of the

island ‘to see if they themselves could fortunately finde any reliefe for their griefes,’ but they ‘returned comfortlesse.’ On September 12th they met with a terrible misfortune. The watch had been disobedient and had failed to sound with the lead. They had quarrelled, being ‘blinded with selfe conceit’ and ‘enuiously opposite in opinions.’ The *Henrietta Maria* consequently ran upon the rocks, the shock waking the captain out of a dead sleep. After he had ‘contrould a little ‘passion,’ and ‘checkt some bad counsell’ that was given him to revenge himself ‘vpon those ‘that had committed this error,’ he set to work. Every artifice that he knew was tried, but without effect. All sails were hauled aback; an anchor was laid out to heave the vessel astern; stores were thrown overboard, but the beating on the rocks continued, and part of the sheathing was torn off. The crew heaved again at the capstan ‘with such a good will, ‘that the Cable brake, and we lost our Anker. ‘Out, with all speede, therefore, we put another.’ For five hours the beating continued, in which time the ship struck a hundred blows, ‘inso- ‘much that we thought euery stroke had bin ‘the last that it was possible she could haue ‘endured. The water, we could not perceiue ‘in all this time, to flowe any thing at all: at

'length, it pleased God, she beat ouer all the 'Rockes.' She was very leaky; 'but wee 'went to prayer and gaue God thanks it was 'no worfe.' This bit of Captain James's story may serve for an example of daily imminence of dangers, of resource, of that refusal to permit any sinking at the heart which marks the hero, the leader of men. It is the constant repetition of the struggle with wellnigh desperate peril which astonishes us and stirs so profoundly our sympathy in the *Strange and Dangerous Voyage*, and it was not only a struggle against downright violence, for currents made 'a foole of our best iudgements, in the thicke fogge when we could see 'no land-marks.'

By October 3rd, after wearisome exploration hither and thither for a place in which to winter, so many of the men were sick, and the rest were so weakened, that the anchor could scarce be weighed. Nothing but a few berries was seen which was of the least service.

On November 22nd the gunner died. His leg, it will be remembered, had been taken off. The plaster froze on his wound and the bottle of sack froze at his pillow. His body was taken out to sea and sunk under the ice. 'The long nights I spent,' reports the captain, 'with tormenting cogitations.' The result of

these cogitations was a consultation with his officers, and a determination to sink the ship at a point where she should bed in the sand and be covered at high water. She would thus be prevented from rolling and breaking herself to pieces. As many stores as could be removed were taken to a hut which had been built on shore, and here captain and men were to abide during the months from December to May.

When they were in the hut the captain called upon his officers to unfold their minds freely. Not one could bring himself to utter a hopeful word. The carpenter, speaking as a carpenter, was of opinion that all their vessel's joints were loose, and her seams open. He did not see how he could mend them as the water flowed so little. Moreover, the rudder was lost, and he had no ironwork with which to hang a new one. To others it was clear that she was so high in the sands that she could not be got off, or that she lay in the tide-way and that the ice might tear her to pieces. Besides, two of the anchors could not now be got from under the ice, and, when the ice brake up in the spring, these anchors would also break, and leave none with which the ship could be navigated home. The captain denied none of these possibilities, but he

exhorted patient endurance. God 'throwes
'downe with one hand, and raifeth vp with
'another. His will be done. If it be our
'fortunes to end our dayes here, we are as
'neere heauen, as in *England*.' He bade them
remember how men had lost their ship and
escaped in a boat built out of the wreck.
'There is nothing too hard for couragious
'minds.' They straightway 'all protested to
'worke to the vttermost of their strength,' and
it was finally determined to build a pinnace as
best they could, so that if the ship should have
foundered, or if it was so broken that it could
not be floated, they might, nevertheless, be
saved. So great is the miracle wrought when
strength touches weakness.

Their sack, vinegar, oil, and everything
else that was liquid were now frozen hard, and
had to be cut with a hatchet. It froze hard
within a yard of the fire. Mercifully, a spring
was discovered which was always running.
Christmas-day was kept 'holy' and 'in the ioy-
'fullest manner we could.' 'In stead of a *Christ-*
'*mas Tale*,' Captain James gives us a descrip-
tion of his house. There were, in fact, three
houses; the first was called the mansion-house.
In the second, twenty feet distant from the
first, all the cooking was done, and there 'the
'subordinate crue did refresh themselves all

‘day,’ but were permitted to sleep in the mansion-house at night. The third house was the storehouse.

In February, 1632, the outlook was very dark, almost completely black. The teeth of some of the crew were loose, their gums were swollen and black, rotten flesh had to be cut away every day. Two-thirds of the men were under the surgeon’s hands, and the carpenter also was sick. The bed-clothes not far from the fire were covered with hoar-frost, and the contents of the cook’s tubs, which stood only a yard from it, were solid as a stone to the bottom. Easter-day was ‘solemnized as religiously as God did ‘giue vs grace,’ but they were in such extremity that they held another council of war. After much disputation, the captain resolved, with the first warm weather, to try to clear the ship. There were five men not able to do anything, and only five of the rest could eat their ordinary allowance. The master and two others were permitted to lie aboard, that they might not hear all night the groanings of their fellows who were enduring ‘intolerable torments.’

On April 29th it rained all day long, the first sign that spring and summer were on their way, and on May-day evening such was the

revival of their courage that 'we . . . made a
'good fire, and chose Ladies, and did cere-
'moniously weare their names in our Caps.'
In less than three weeks the carpenter was
dead, and there was little hope of the pinnacle.
Nevertheless our brave chief would not capi-
tulate. The infirm men who could do any-
thing were prepared every morning for their
work. 'Our Surgeon (which was diligent,
'and a sweet-conditioned man, as euer I saw)
'would be vp betimes in the mornings; and
'whilest he did picke their Teeth, and cut
'away the dead flesh from their Gummes, they
'would bathe their owne thighes, knees, and
'legges.' By night they 'would be as bad
'again: and then they must bee bathed,
'anoynted, and their mouthes againe drest,
'before they went to Bed.' The promise of
April 29th was not fulfilled, for the winter came
back again with unabated fury, which did 'fo
'vexe our ficke men; that they grew worfe
'and worfe.' The chief mate of the master
died on the 6th, and when the carpenter was
buried 'were we in the most miserable estate,
'that we were in all the voyage.' After the
burial, the master, returning on board the ship,
discovered, close to the gun-room ports, the
body of the gunner, which had been sunk in
deep water six months before. It was dug out

of the ice and committed to earth. Whit-Sunday, May 20th, was ‘faddy solemnized’; but the dove with the olive branch was on her way. The lost rudder was miraculously recovered, and, what perhaps was of equal consequence, some vetches, a remedy for the scurvy, were found, and the sick began to recover. At present, the rudder could not be hung, for the cold was too severe for the men to endure working in the water. A fortnight was passed in the trial of various devices for floating the ship and making her seaworthy, and at last the rudder was fixed. The ship being as light as she could be made, all the crew heaved with such good-will that she was forced into a foot and a half deeper water, and ‘we went all to ‘prayers: and gaue God thankes, that had ‘giuen vs our ship againe.’ On the 22nd she was fairly afloat, and in two or three days Captain James and his crew bade farewell to their island. The *Henrietta Maria*, after all her trials, still alive, was adorned with ‘our ‘Ancient on the Poope, and the Kings Colours ‘in the maine top.’ ‘With our Armes, Drumme ‘and Colours, *Cooke and Kettle*, [italics mine] ‘we went ashoare, and first we marcht vp to ‘our eminent Crosse, adioyning to which we ‘had buried our dead fellowes.’ One was not amongst them. He, John Barton, gunner’s

mate, being on an expedition last October, became very weary, and tried to shorten the way by crossing a pond. The ice closed over him, and he was never more seen. Six months afterwards Captain James and the surgeon went to the pond and tried in vain to recover the body of their comrade, unwilling to leave him alone in that dark Arctic solitude, far from his companions and the protection of the symbol of their faith. At sunset all assembled, and 'went vp to take the last view of our dead, 'and to looke vnto their Tombes.' The brave captain was also a poet, not only in practice, but in words, and leaning on one of the tombs he composed some verses, of which these are a specimen :

'So haue they spent themfelues ; and here they lye,
A famous marke of our *Discouery*.
We that furuiue, perchance may end our dayes
In some imployment meriting no praise ;
And in a dung-hill rot : when no man names
The memory of vs, but to our shames.
They haue out-liu'd this feare, and their braue
ends,
Will euer be an honour to their friends.'

From July 2nd to August 26th, Captain James bravely struggled northwards with the ice, but he was soon enclosed in it, and from the topmast head no outlet could be seen round

by NNW. to S. and E. ‘This strooke vs all
‘into a dumpe.’ Murmurs were once more
heard. Those were happy who were dead;
they would give a thousand pounds, if they
had it, ‘so they lay fairely by them.’ On the
26th a council was called, and the unanimous
opinion was that there was no possibility of
advance. ‘I could not tell what to say to
‘oppose [these reasons],’ says the captain, ‘no
‘nor any reason could I giue, how we might
‘proceed further: wherefore (with a sorrowfull
‘heart, God knowes) I consented, that the
‘helme should bee borne vp, and a course
‘shapte for *England*: well hoping, that his
‘Maiestie would graciously censure of my en-
‘deauours, and pardon my returne.’ When
the course was altered homewards the *Hen-*
rietta Maria was in latitude $65^{\circ} 30'$ ‘at least.’

On October 22nd, 1632, Captain James
reached Bristol. His good ship was hauled
aground, and it was found ‘that all her Cut-
‘water and Sterne were torne and beaten
‘away, together with fourteene foote of her
‘Keele; much of her sheathing cut away:
‘her bowes broken and bruised, and many
‘timbers crackt within boord: and vnder the
‘Star-boord bulge, a sharpe Rocke had cut
‘thorow the sheathing, the planke, and an
‘inch and a halfe into a timber that it met

' withall. Many other defects there were ' besides, so that it was miraculous how this ' vessell could bring vs home againe.' Only four men had been lost. Captain James had spent above two hundred pounds, equal to, perhaps, six hundred at the present day, and, so far as we know, was never repaid. No royal or public notice was taken of him, but he was content. ' I repent not my selfe,' are the last words of the *Strange and Dangerous Voyage*, ' but take a great deale of comfort and ' ioy, in that I am able to giue an account (in ' some reasonable way) of those parts of the ' world; which heretofore I was not so well ' fatisfied in.'

Captain James faced these hardships not for the conversion of a nation, or its delivery from the tyranny of a despot. They were a simple trial of endurance rejoicing in its strength. The object was of less significance than the persevering, unshakable determination to accomplish it. It is a pity that so little is made as an education or as a religion of the lives of such men, for it is upon resolution such as theirs that almost all virtue depends.

‘ F—E—D ’

THE hill overlooking the sea is a waste of filthy, torn paper, broken glass, and other abominations. Men and women are sprawling on the grass. The pathways have been mended with cinder-dust, and people, therefore, do not use them but make paths for themselves. A tea-shop is planted on the highest point of the cliff. Shifting a little to the right, I see the town. A galvanized-iron ‘ Palace of Varieties ’ has been stuck on the shore close to the waves, and a long line of penny-in-the-slot machines and photographic stalls stretches under the esplanade wall. On the pier yesterday three professional music-hall girls were dancing and singing. The eldest, as the song proceeded, began to look vicious, and suddenly her mates broke out into screams of laughter, forced, disgusting—nay, horrible. I knew what it meant, though I could not hear the words.

A hundred yards from the ‘ Varieties,’ penny-in-the-slot machines, and stalls, is the unstained sea with most delicate tints upon it, continually changing, of light greenish-blue. Violet

shadows of the clouds slowly sail over the vast, calm expanse.

I walked back to my lodgings three or four miles away. It was Friday evening, and on Friday evenings there is always a service in the little village church. It has three bells, and they were ringing F—E—D, a soothing sequence. There is no man less accessible to mere sentiment, as it is called, than myself, that is to say, to feeling which has no meaning in it. In my bedroom at these lodgings hung a cheap German picture of a young monk playing an organ. He had a seraphic, up-turned face. At his back, in a kind of mist, two winged angels with still more seraphic, still weaker faces, were watching and blessing him. The insincerity of the thing was sickening. Emotion is of no value without reason, that is to say, reason in the highest sense. The ecstasy of adoration, of musical rapture, of wonder at the earth and sky must be reasonable.

Suddenly, as I listened to the F—E—D of the bells, something came to me. It was not hope in the sense that if I have a cold this morning I hope it may be better to-morrow, but is there such a thing precisely, uniformly, as hope? The visitation was certainly not conviction, but it was not a dream. I do not

know what it was. F—E—D had brought it to me, but could not have had much to do with it. I should have been ashamed if I acknowledged much indebtedness to that feeble little tinkle. Yet it was strange. As it went on, the greasy paper, broken glass, cinder-dust pathways, sprawling men and women, tea-shop, Palace of Varieties, and the impudent creatures on the pier had disappeared. The sea was the same light greenish-blue with the cloud shadows sailing over it. I began to ask myself whether I was sure that modern tendencies are irreversible; whether the road has no turning which leads to anarchy and defacement of beauty, to millionaires in their parks and deer forests, to Trusts, to purchase of pictures at tens of thousands of pounds apiece, to modern gunnery and bomb-dropping aeroplanes, to wars engineered by finance-mongers, in which millions of people are slaughtered who never had the least grudge against one another. . . . The intellect now is supreme. So long as we know and increase in knowledge we believe we are on the safe, right path appointed by destiny. But possibly what we call the intellect may one day be deposed, and a claimant with a better title to the imperial throne may be discovered. We may come to learn that intellectual exercise

by itself is no better than curiosity, and that numbering the stars is not a much worthier occupation than inquiry as to the manners and customs of my next-door neighbours, strangers to me. The new authority will say something much more direct than anything said now upon misery, dirt, and ugliness. A bit of filthy paper dropped on a lane, a roadside spring defiled, brutality, lying, immoderate wealth, lack of simplicity, and what are now called politics will be in worse repute than inability to do a long-division sum.

The intellect has no divine right of domination. It has assumed its present position because it is so much easier to read, to think, to invent than to attempt self-denial. It is curious, by the way, that invention concerns itself chiefly perhaps with what is useless or injurious. Armour-plating, murderous guns, explosives, considering that all nations take them up, so that relative superiority remains as before, will in the future be adjudged as proof of the absurdity of the human race during the dark ages of 'progress.'

F—E—D went on, and the sea afar off glittered. How the revolution will come, what it will be when it does come, and what F—E—D and the many-twinkling ocean will have to do with it, is undiscoverable, but

certain it is that F—E—D sounded in a very strange way, and the sea looked as if a new heaven and a new earth were on the brink of disclosure. Thank God! The *Verstand* has had its day, and a long day, and it has not brought us very far.

JOHNSON¹

OF these essays on Johnson four have been published before. Those on 'Johnson without Boswell' and 'Johnson's Lives of the Poets' are new. The first of these two will perhaps be found the most instructive of the six, but they are all admirable. Professor Raleigh does not take up any particular theory in order to attract attention and prove originality. His judgements are sober, are based upon facts, and are convincing. The question discussed in the 'Johnson without Boswell' is the sufficiency of Boswell's portrait of Johnson. Can we say that we have in it a representation of him in which no line of any importance has been omitted? Professor Raleigh is of opinion that we cannot say it, and I would go a little farther by adding that Boswell, although he is so accurate, is misleading.

Whenever he talks religion, he is very near to canting, and reminds us of whisky-punch. Johnson was profoundly sincere, terribly sin-

¹ *Six Essays on Johnson.* By Walter Raleigh.

cere, and it is a law as unconditionally true as any one of Newton's laws of motion that sincerity cannot be penetrated by insincerity.

Johnson's other friends agree that what struck them in him was his humour, a quality which was certainly not prominent in Boswell. Fanny Burney, writing to Mr. Crisp, says :

‘ Dr. Johnson is another Daddy Crisp to me, for he has a partial goodness to your Fannikin, that has made him sink the comparative shortness of our acquaintance, and treat and think of me as one who had long laid claim to him. If you knew these two [Mrs. Thrale and Dr. Johnson] you would love them, or I don't know you so well as I think I do. Dr. Johnson has more fun, and comical humour, and love of nonsense about him, than almost anybody I ever saw : I mean when with those he likes ; for otherwise, he can be as severe and as bitter as report relates him.’

What would we not have given to see and hear the Streatham Johnson !

There was another side of Johnson not known to Boswell—the side familiar to Savage when they walked round St. James's Square for hours because they had not enough money to pay for a lodging, ‘ inveighed against the minister, and “ resolved they would *stand by* “ *“ their country.”*’

Consider how limited were Boswell's opportunities. They were commonly a club or a

tavern. Professor Raleigh quotes from Sir John Hawkins, who makes Johnson say :

‘As soon as I enter the door of a tavern, I experience an oblivion of care, and a freedom from solicitude : when I am seated, I find the master courteous, and the servants obsequious to my call ; anxious to know and ready to supply my wants : wine there exhilarates my spirits, and prompts me to free conversation and an interchange of discourse with those whom I most love : I dogmatise and am contradicted, and in this conflict of opinions and sentiments I find delight.’

But this, as Professor Raleigh observes, was not the talk for which he most cared. He declared that to be—

‘the happiest conversation where there is no competition, no vanity, but a calm quiet interchange of sentiments.’

This was not the sort of conversation which best suited Boswell, and he had not much chance of hearing it.

Boswell's aim was to report Johnson to the best of his ability. He does not mind if in so doing he humiliates himself or even becomes contemptible. There is a passage in the *Tour to the Hebrides*, September 26th, 1773, which may serve as an illustration. He had been very drunk one night at a friend's house in Skye. Johnson had gone to bed early. Here is Boswell's entry in his journal :

‘Sunday, September 26th.—I awaked at noon, with a

severe head-ach. I was much vexed that I should have been guilty of such a riot, and afraid of a reproof from Dr. Johnson. I thought it very inconsistent with that conduct which I ought to maintain, while the companion of the Rambler. About one he came into my room, and accosted me, "What, drunk yet?" His tone of voice was not that of severe upbraiding; so I was relieved a little. "Sir," (said I), "they kept me up." He answered, "No, you kept them up, you drunken dog:"—This he said with good-humoured *English* pleasantry. Soon afterwards, Corrichatachin, Col, and other friends assembled round my bed. Corri had a brandy-bottle and glass with him, and insisted I should take a dram. "Ay," said Dr. Johnson, "fill him drunk again. Do it in the morning, that we may laugh at him all day. It is a poor thing for a fellow to get drunk at night, and sculk to bed, and let his friends have no sport." Finding him thus jocular, I became quite easy; and when I offered to get up, he very good-naturedly said, "You need be in no such hurry now." I took my host's advice, and drank some brandy, which I found an effectual cure for my head-ach. When I rose, I went into Dr. Johnson's room, and taking up Mrs. M'Kinnon's Prayer-book, I opened it at the twentieth Sunday after Trinity, in the epistle for which I read, "And be not drunk with wine, wherein there is excess." Some would have taken this as a divine interposition.'

On this passage in the *Journal*, Boswell has the following note:

'My ingenuously relating this occasional [not by any means "occasional." *Reviewer's note*] instance of intemperance has I find been made the subject both of

serious criticism and ludicrous banter. With the banterers I shall not trouble myself, but I wonder that those who pretend to the appellation of serious criticks should not have had sagacity enough to perceive that here, as in every other part of the present work, my principal object was to delineate Dr. Johnson's manners and character. In justice to him I would not omit an anecdote, which, though in some degree to my own disadvantage, exhibits in so strong a light the indulgence and good humour with which he could treat those excesses in his friends, of which he highly disapproved.'

The consequence of Boswell's extraordinary devotion and self-annihilation is that we have a portrait unmatched for strength of line ; but the strength is exercised within Boswell's limitations, and is therefore actually a hindrance to a just conception of his hero. If we wish not to miss the real Johnson we must draw from another source than Boswell and turn to the *Works*. Professor Raleigh well says :

'We come to closer quarters with Johnson in the best pages of *The Rambler* than in the most brilliant of the conversations recalled by Boswell.'

Johnson is not the only man who finds it easier to confess himself in a book, which can be had in any bookseller's shop for money, than in talking, although only to one or two. To prove Professor Raleigh's assertion, I will

venture to subjoin three or four extracts from the *Rambler* :

‘ If a wise man is not amazed at sudden occurrences, it is not that he has thought more, but less upon futurity. He never considered things not yet existing as the proper objects of his attention ; he never indulged dreams till he was deceived by their phantoms, *nor ever realized non-entities to his mind.* [Italics mine.] He is not surprized because he is not disappointed, and he escapes disappointment because he never forms any expectations. . . . The wit, the hero, the philosopher, whom their tempers or their fortunes have hindered from intimate relations, die, without any other effect than that of adding a new topick to the conversation of the day. . . . Those who in their lives were applauded and admired, are laid at last in the ground without the common honour of a stone ; because by those excellencies with which many were delighted, none had been obliged, and, though they had many to celebrate, they had none to love them. . . . The truth is, that no man is much regarded by the rest of the world. He that considers how little he dwells upon the condition of others, will learn how little the attention of others is attracted by himself. While we see multitudes passing before us, of whom, perhaps, not one appears to deserve our notice, or excite our sympathy, we should remember, that we likewise are lost in the same throng ; that the eye which happens to glance upon us is turned in a moment on him that follows us, and that the utmost which we can reasonably hope or fear, is to fill a vacant hour with prattle, and be forgotten.’

It is difficult, after reading these extracts, to

avoid a moment's digression on Macaulay. His essay, which presents us, instead of Johnson, with a lay-figure stuffed with sawdust, says of Johnson's prose that it is 'systematically 'vicious.' . . . It is 'a language which nobody 'hears from his mother or his nurse.' He is guilty of the 'constant practice of padding out a 'sentence with useless epithets,' till it becomes 'as stiff as the bust of an exquisite,' and of using 'antithetical forms of expression, constantly employed even where there is no 'opposition in the ideas expressed.' But ought grave subjects to be discussed in the language of a nurse? Should we like the *Areopagitica* translated into it? Would it really be suitable for the passages just given from the *Rambler*? Nay, a style for all literature worth anything may justly be defended, and a good book gains by a dialect which may be called non-natural if we mean that it is above that of the teatable. As to Johnson's antitheses, it will seldom be found that the second member merely duplicates that which immediately preceded it. In the first of our quotations, 'nor ever realized non-entities to his mind' is not a repetition of 'never indulged dreams 'till he was deceived by them.' The second half of the sentence does not weaken the first as it would if it merely said the same thing

over again. On the contrary, it is an addition of force.

Professor Raleigh's bold but sober judgement, in effect, is that Johnson is the greatest *man* England has seen since Bacon, excepting Shakespeare, and I humbly, but heartily, agree. We have had poets to whom the sea, sky, rivers, and hills have spoken what they never spoke to Johnson; we have had philosophers who have introduced us to a region of which Johnson had no suspicion; his piety, although undoubted, is intimately connected with a narrow orthodoxy, and interests us only because it is his, unlike the piety, for example, of Thomas à Kempis, which is not only his but our own; finally, he seems to have cared nothing, gravest defect perhaps of all, for music and painting, nor indeed for beauty in any shape as beauty; and yet it is to him I pay especial homage, such as I do not pay to poet, philosopher, saint, or artist. He was not a this or a that; he belonged to the small class who live for the sake of living, and whose object is to cultivate the art of living wisely. He walked through the world observing men and their ways, and caring for nothing else.

How many people read Johnson now? How many will be induced by Professor Raleigh to turn to the *Rambler* and the *Idler*? The

majority of those who take credit for being literary and for being great readers will content themselves with Macaulay's delusive glitter and impossible paradoxes or with dips into Boswell. The dust which lies thick on the *Works* will not be disturbed. The wisdom of our wisest man is not wanted. Yet it would be a mistake to say he is dead. It is impossible that the life which was in him should come to nothing. This is what we call faith.

THE FIRE AT MILLDEEP MANOR

MRS. LATIMER'S old house, Milldeep Manor, was burnt down on Christmas Eve. A maid-servant went to the hot-closet to fetch her young mistress's clothes, and set a tall candlestick on one of the racks. The flame caught the rack above it, dry as tinder, and the whole building in ten minutes was in a blaze. The fire, partly through the scarcity of water, had to burn itself out, and was not extinguished till early on Christmas-day. Milldeep is about an hour by train from the village in which I live. I went over the instant I heard the news; but I was not at the Manor till about ten o'clock on Christmas morning. Saving one wing, it was almost a complete wreck, and charred joists of the upper floors hung by the ends downwards threatening to fall. The roof had entirely gone, and the interior lay open to the sky. In one of the angles was the bedroom in which generations had been born and had died. To that room went as a bride the lady whose noble portrait, painted by Opie when she was seventy-six, hung on the staircase.

Three years afterwards, hard upon eighty, in that room, she had yielded up her soul to God. Fifty years before she had given birth there to her only son, Margaret's father. In that yellow room he was laid, hardly to be discerned for blood and wounds when he was brought home, dead, after being thrown from his horse and dragged along a hard road with one foot in the stirrup. To what mysteries of love and death was not that room sacred! It was now laid bare by the 'blabbing and remorseless'¹ 'day'; the rain drove through it; it was as public as an open wayside shed.

Margaret Latimer and I were to be married in six weeks. Her only brother, Robert, now in India, would, it was hoped, be present at the wedding and give her away, as her father and her two uncles were dead. But a letter had come two days before Christmas to say that his leave had been put off, but that the wedding was not to be postponed. I agreed with him, but Margaret wished for delay. One

¹ [The author made two small corrections in this story after it appeared in the *Nation*, Feb. 15, 1913, but the misquotation (*Hen. VI*, Pt. II, Act IV, Sc. i) pointed out by a correspondent in the issue of the following week, 'remorseless' for 'remorseful,' he did not live to correct. 'Remorseless' was the word he wanted, and he would probably have abandoned the quotation. Under the circumstances I have thought it best to let the word stand.]

reason was the giving-away; her mother was a titled lady's daughter, and people said she was marrying a little beneath her. Margaret cared nothing for rank, but she thought she would like the world to know that her brother, the head of the family, approved the match with the man she so much loved. Then, again, everything was in confusion; the house was to be rebuilt, and a temporary lodging had to be found. I nevertheless persisted. We walked up and down the garden, and gradually some warmth of temper appeared. I believe that jealousy was the root of my discontent. I could not endure her glorification of Robert and her mother. *Jealousy is cruel as the grave: the flashes thereof are flashes of fire, a very flame of the Lord.* I began to be bitter.

'I cannot understand how it is that some 'families,' said I, 'make so much of one 'another; you never hear me exalt my own 'father, mother, brother, sisters, and cousins. 'Perhaps you will say that I know they are 'not worth mention.'

'O, dearest Tom, you surely do not wish 'to prevent me from giving pleasure to mother 'in trifles. She has always been very good 'and dear to me. I am going away from the 'Manor for ever. Although a woman may be

‘devoted to her husband, she must feel something when she leaves her mother for strangers. ‘You will yield to me just this once?’

As with a mass of coal at the kindling point there came a flash of flame.

‘You care more for Robert and for respectability than you care for me,’ I cried.

The tongue is a fire . . . and is set on fire by hell.

The Devil was in me. True to the letter! If there is no indwelling Devil, the evidence of consciousness, on which everything rests, goes for nothing.

She withdrew her arm from mine, and at that moment a servant came hastily along the path.

‘The carriage is waiting, sir, to take you to the station. The coachman says he shall only just catch the train.’

Without a word we parted. We had loved one another with our whole hearts and minds. I believe it was a more intimate, intricately interwoven love than that which binds together any but the most favoured of mortals. Passion gave a ruddy tint to all our thoughts, and thought gave a meaning to our embraces. She did not write to me, although morning after morning I looked out for a letter. How could she write after that insult! I ought to

have gone to the Manor and cast myself at her feet. As the days went on I became harder—so, at least, I thought.

Six months passed, and I heard that Margaret had been very ill. What was the matter I could not learn precisely. One summer morning I was at Peterborough Station going home. I had to change at Grantham. On the Peterborough platform I saw a lady, dressed in black, who must be Margaret. She was in mourning, as I afterwards learnt, for her brother Robert, who had died of malarial fever just as his leave was about to begin. I noticed that the porter took her luggage, and brought it near me so that it might be handy for the right van. I sauntered carelessly towards it and read the address, *Lattimer, Milldeep Manor*. Presently the train slipped past me and stopped. There were very few passengers. It had to wait five minutes. Margaret looked at two or three carriages, and got into an empty compartment. Just as the guard whistled I stepped in. She was looking out of the window opposite the door by which I entered, and remained in that position till we were clear of the station. Then she turned to take a book out of her handbag, but was suddenly arrested. In an instant I had crossed the floor of the carriage,

knelled down, and without a word buried my face in her lap. My heart had gradually softened, but, strange as it may seem, I did not know it.

I have never been able to feel myself a sinner in the common acceptation of the word. I have not habitually broken the commandments. But, as my head lay upon Margaret's knees, I thought that for me there could be no forgiveness. My guilt was not so much something I had done as something which I *was*. Repentance seemed a stupid word.

At last I cried 'Margaret, Margaret.' She smoothed my hair and said 'Yes.' We did not stir. The train was slowing down as it neared a station. I rose and returned to my corner, but no one intruded. I went on to Retford, and returned by an up train to Grantham.

At the end of another six months we were married. Milldeep Manor was nearly rebuilt, and Mrs. Latimer stayed with us till it was finished. I was afraid when the marriage day came, but it passed quietly, although there was no Robert in the church. Margaret was given away by her mother's first cousin, whom her mother much loved.

I am thrice blessed. I have much to do

during the greater part of the day with hard, almost brutal, people, and am liable to become hard and brutal even as they. I step over my threshold in the evening, and am in another world where I am sheltered and at peace. Margaret's thoughts go below mine.

REVOLUTION¹

THE thoughts which have worked upon me, and perhaps have changed me, have not been those which men usually consider the most important. They are not those which divide us into parties. The discovery that the book of Leviticus was not written by Moses and that there were two Isaiahs has made no difference to me. I cannot compel it to disturb me. Many persons could not live without an active belief or disbelief in heaven and hell. Their existence or non-existence has never produced any effect on me correspondent to the magnitude of the question. I was pretty much the same after conversion as before.

Two-thirds of our possessions, perhaps, are of no service to us. How much better it would be if we did not trouble ourselves with these things, but struggled with unyielding determination according to the directions of Cyrene

¹ [To this MS. there was a note affixed by the author : 'Revised as far as it goes. Something may be added.' See Preface.]

how to obtain answers to the questions of vital importance :

‘ Without force he [Proteus] will give counsel in no wise, nor wilt thou bend him by entreaties ; with sheer force and fetters must thou tie thy prisoner ; around them his wiles at last will break unavailing. Myself will lead thee, when the sun has kindled the heat of noon, when the grass is athirst and the shade now grows more grateful to the flock, to the old man’s covert, his retreat from the weary waves, that while he lies asleep thou mayest lightly assail him. But when thou shalt hold him caught and fettered in thine hands, even then the form and visage of manifold wild beasts shall mock thee ; for in a moment he will turn to a bristly boar or a black tiger, a scaly serpent and tawny-necked lioness, or will roar shrill in flame and so slip out of the fetters, or will melt into thin water and be gone. But the more he changes into endless shapes, the more do thou, my son, strain tight the grasp of his fetters, until his body change again into the likeness thou sawest when his eyes drooped and his sleep began.’¹

A saying of Spinoza, which I first read fifty years ago, has remained with me ever since :

‘ The mind and the body are one and the same individual, which at one time is considered under the attribute of thought, and at another under that of extension.’—(Prop. XXI, pt. 2, *Schol.*)

¹ Virgil, *Georgics*, Book IV. Mackail’s translation.

This follows because by Prop. VII, pt. 2, *Schol.*:

‘substance thinking and substance extended are one and the same substance, which is now comprehended under this attribute and now under that.’

It is possible to feel a truth profoundly, to be able to appropriate almost all that is in it, to be so penetrated by it that without it we should be entirely different from what we are, and nevertheless we cannot give a definite interpretation of it. These scholia loosened each difficulty which arose from considering matter as a thing by itself set over against thought as a thing by itself.

Three other propositions from Spinoza occupy the same rank with me. One is: *The actions of the mind arise from adequate ideas alone, but the passions depend upon those alone which are inadequate* (Prop. III, pt. 3). From this it follows by direct deduction that *the more perfection a thing possesses, the more it acts and the less it suffers, and conversely the more it acts the more perfect it is* (Prop. XL, pt. 5).

The third proposition is Prop. XXIII, pt. 5: *The human mind cannot be absolutely destroyed with the body, but something of it remains which is eternal*. This proposition with its demonstration and those connected with it contain everything which I have ever

found to be a reality touching the so-called immortality of the soul. The ground does not shake.

Another 'idea' which has dwelt with me and has determined me, I owe to Professor Young, the American astronomer. He said to me many years ago :

'So far as the present is concerned,' (italics and those which follow are his) 'uniform motion in a straight line implies the absence of any *non-acting* force, and such *motion* gives no information as to its cause, no more than does the *existence* of the moving body. The cause of such motion of the body, as well as the cause of the existence of the body, both "belong to ancient history." I am willing to add however that, so far as I can judge, there is no ground for assuming that when "a piece of matter" was "created," it was first at rest when it began its existence, and was *afterwards*, by a second independent act of the Creator, put in motion. Nor, to go farther, can I conceive or believe, that there was ever a "*time*" when matter and motion did not exist, or a "*moment*" when it began to exist ; nor do I conceive that this in any way is inconsistent with a firm belief in an eternal, omnipresent, Creator, "the same yesterday, to-day and for ever," immanent and active in the whole material world as well as the spiritual.'

To other minds trained in philosophy, and especially in mathematics, Professor Young's lucid doctrine may be familiar. To me it was a revelation. It meant that motion has been

for ever, that it is *natural*, primary. Our minds, with their present furniture, are incapable of conceiving *for ever* adequately. Directly we try to consider it, to follow it out, we feel distinctly a kind of break ; our faculties will no longer work, and we stop. What an arrest is this to our conclusions ! If past time be what we call *infinite*, why has the sun not yet reached Hercules, why has the end of the world, which is to come about through a collision, not yet happened ?

When I was a good way past middle life, I became the possessor of a large astronomical telescope. I did not know enough of mathematical astronomy to be much better than a star-gazing amateur, an object of contempt to the youngest assistant in the *Nautical Almanac* office. I was able, however, unaided, to set up and adjust my instrument and to find any star within its range. Almost every clear night I spent hours in simply *looking*, with never-failing wonder. When I went into the observatory on a winter's night, when I shut the door, opened the roof, and set the driving-clock going, the world and its cares were forgotten. How could they be remembered in the presence of Perseus, as he slowly came into view, falling westward across the sky, mysterious, awful, beautiful, without hurry,

rest, acceleration, or delay. I do not know why the professional observer should consider it a waste of time not to be employed in calculating eclipses and occultations. His object and mine were different. Mine at least was as legitimate as travelling for a week to mountains and waterfalls and then rushing past them in a motor-car.

Later on I bought a spectroscope, and was able to see what is, perhaps, the most tremendous spectacle in the universe, flames of glowing gas shooting up thousands of miles from the body of the sun like volcanic explosions, reducing to absurdity the pretension and self-importance of man, convincing him of his almost entire irrelevance. There is another side : Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast planted that in him which enables him to measure himself against Orion.

Wordsworth holds a singular place in literature. He preaches no sermon ; he teaches no definite lesson, and yet a man who devotes himself to Wordsworth and is religious and a lover of beauty will find himself looking at the world in a certain way ; it will no longer be what it was without Wordsworth ; hills, clouds, sea, and human beings will not be the same. Of no other writer can this be said, at least not so distinctly. Shakespeare is our

greatest genius, but he is miscellaneous, and when we have finished a course of his dramas the effect is awe, expansion, but no direction is given to the mind. With Wordsworth the case is different. Something is added to the wonder and the glory of the world, and this addition varies with the temperament of the reader. For a few it is the Godhead; for almost all of us it is a something which demands reverence; the tree becomes more than a mass of fair colour enclosed in a graceful outline. When first I read Wordsworth I saw God in Nature. As I grew older I felt a difficulty in saying so much. Nevertheless, the 'something added' has always remained and will remain as long as I live.

THE LOVE OF WOMAN¹

ONE morning a letter marked 'Immediate' came from my friend, Tom Carpenter. It was not written by him, but he had signed it in a very shaky hand. We had been co-partners, but he had retired. I was still living at my work near Birkenhead, but he had settled down in a small hamlet about four miles east of the Huntingdonshire Saint Ives. What made him go there I never found out. He knew nobody in that part of the world, and the country, so I had often been told, was most 'uninteresting.' But 'uninteresting' is a doubtful word applied to fields, rivers, and meadows. The letter was short. He was dangerously ill, and besought me to come to him at once 'by the next train.' He could not have asked me to do anything more inconvenient just then. We expected the decision that day on a tender for building a vessel which was to cost £100,000, and if we succeeded

¹ [This MS. was marked by the author 'not corrected.' See Preface. It had no title. The above title was suggested by Mr. H. W. Massingham.]

there would be a race against time. The penalties for non-fulfilment were not nominal. They would be enforced, and they were heavy.

Nevertheless, I did not hesitate. In a couple of hours I was in the train. A more wearisome journey I never undertook.

It was entirely cross-country, and the trains did not fit or wait. By the time I got to Peterborough it was nearly two o'clock. I had missed the train to the south, and did not reach Tom's house till nearly six. He was in much pain, and certainly very ill. The doctor, although he professed no uncertainty, clearly did not know what was the matter with him. He was most grateful to me for coming. He had been suffering for about two months, but he had not sent word before, knowing how busy I was, and that travelling was so difficult. Now he could hold out no longer, and, besides, there was something he wished me to do. Thinking that perhaps I should not be with him in time, he had, with great labour, written a message for me, which I should find in the oak bureau in my room. I could read it when I went to bed, and if he was alive he should like a minute's talk with me about it in the morning. He was too tired that evening. There was a clear, full moon when I went to

bed. The house was some distance from the road, but not shut in by trees, and I looked across a big field, then across the broad, slow river, then across the fields on the other side, and so on to the horizon line, over which a brilliant star, not extinguished by the moon, was preparing to follow her. The quietude was deep. I might almost say I heard it. There was not a sound, save now and then the howl of a dog three or four miles away, and the hooting of an owl. My wonder that Tom should live in that house began to abate.

I took the paper out of the bureau and read:

‘It is now over five-and-twenty years ago
‘since Margaret Ramsden came to Bath, and
‘I first saw her at my aunt’s house, where I was
‘staying for a holiday. We did not become
‘engaged, but we were in love. We met one
‘another purposely at different places in the
‘city, and went for walks by ourselves. We
‘were in Bath for a month together. Time
‘after time a decisive word rose to my lips, but
‘it remained unspoken. Once, I remember,
‘we went to Bradford-on-Avon, and stayed
‘there the whole day. I ventured so far as to
‘draw my arm round her waist. The pear
‘would have fallen with the slightest touch, but
‘it was left on the branch untouched. We came

‘home, and I walked with her to her door ; but
‘I went no farther than shaking hands. When
‘I got to my room I hated myself. I could
‘expect no greater love than Margaret’s if I
‘were to live for a hundred years. Moral and
‘religious codes do much harm by the limita-
‘tion of sinfulness to particular forms of ill-
‘doing. Indecision, cowardice, ought to be
‘branded legal crimes. When we have done
‘our best to determine, no matter how near to
‘evenness reasons for and against may be
‘balanced, it is an imperative duty to act, and
‘inaction may be a sin worse than the action
‘which follows the lighter scale. I left Bath,
‘and continually went so far as to pick up the
‘pen, but my paralysed fingers dropped.

““ But,” you will say, “ I do not understand.
““ You may have blundered in marrying the
““ wife you lost two years ago, but, nevertheless,
““ you were able to make up your mind then.”
‘Ah ! that is the fatal inconsistency of a temper
‘like mine. The irresolute waverer is exactly
‘the person who makes a plunge blindfold.
‘Why did I marry that woman ? I do not
‘know, excepting that I was seized and driven,
‘as if by a wave breaking on the shore. The
‘marriage was over before I knew where I was.
‘How is the co-existence in the same person of
‘such strange contradictions to be explained ?

‘I suppose it is weakness. It is weakness which causes a man to stumble this way and that way, and makes it impossible to understand him.’

The next morning early I was in Tom’s room. He looked anxious, and had evidently passed a night of suffering. He began to speak at once about the paper. ‘She is still in Bath,’ he said, ‘and is unmarried, forty-seven years old. Can you go to Bath for me?’ Saint Ives to Bath! But I had had a letter to say that our tender was declined, and, consequently, I was a little more at leisure. ‘It lies on my heart. There is one thing I want her to know. All the world now seems shrunk up into that one thing. What is the world to me? I want her to believe I did love her. Ah! it was love. I cannot write any more. If she will but tell you that she trusts me, and that she trusts me to speak the truth. I cannot die in peace unless she admits there was nothing base in my desertion of her, excepting poverty of spirit. I am and always have been a timid mortal, capable of brooding, of thinking, not incapable of ideas and of deep emotions, but with nothing of the hero in me, and, worse, with not even the beginning of one—that is to say, with no capacity for decision. I have suffered for it.

‘I have endured the lashing of self-contempt.
‘Perhaps she will forgive me; but it is harder
‘to forgive than to despise. I cannot send my
‘paper by post to her. I do not know her
‘address in Bath. You can find her in a *Bath*
‘*Directory*, if she is living in her own house,
‘and, if she is not, you can go to my cousin,
‘who is well known there. I wish you not to
‘give her the paper at once, but to begin by
‘saying you are one of my friends, that I have
‘not much longer to live, and that I wished her
‘to hear from me. If you can see any response
‘in her eyes or voice, then you can show her
‘what I have written, and ask for a message.’

That afternoon I was in the train for King’s Cross, and caught the evening express to Bath. I went to the York House Hotel, and the next morning, with some trouble, I found Margaret’s apartments. She was living in pleasant rooms in Lansdowne, overlooking the city. I obtained admittance by saying that I had come on business. I found her at a desk writing, and as she rose to receive me, I noticed that she was perfectly upright, rather spare, and a little above the usual height. Her hair was black and wavy, but more than tinged with grey. The features were clearly cut, the lips short, and the hands more delicate and whiter than any I had ever seen. A grand

piano stood alongside the wall opposite the windows, and a sonata of Mozart's lay open on it. In a year or two's time she would be stately.

'I have come,' I said, 'from my friend, Thomas Carpenter, who, I fear, is dying at Saint Ives, in Huntingdonshire. He told me that he did not think you would have forgotten his name.'

'What of him?'

She was sitting upright in her chair; but with one elbow resting on her desk, and her pen in her hand. She threw it down, leaned back, and looked at me intently.

'He cannot now write properly,' I said, 'and did not know your address, and if he had known it he would have been afraid of entrusting to the post what he wanted to show you. I am perhaps his closest friend. He telegraphed for me to go to him at Saint Ives from Birkenhead, where I live; but, fearing he could not last more than a day or so, he pencilled a few words to you with much trouble before I could reach him.'

'Have you got the paper here?'

'Yes.'

'Give it to me, and excuse me for a few minutes.'

She took it, and, without opening it, went

into an adjoining room. She was away for half an hour. When she came back I could see she had been crying, and there were red patches on her cheek. Perhaps she had been kneeling by the bedside.

‘What is the matter with him?’

‘We do not know. He suffers much pain, and has lost weight seriously during the last six weeks. It is with difficulty we can get him to eat anything. The doctor fears the worst.’

‘Is he alone?’

‘Yes, excepting his housekeeper and his nurse.’

‘I will go back with you.’

‘To Saint Ives!’ I said with some surprise.

‘Yes, to Saint Ives. What is the time?’

‘Half-past eleven.’

‘We can easily catch the half-past one train to Paddington, and I should imagine could be at Saint Ives to-night. I should not go to his house till the morning unless there was no hope. I should not like to surprise him. Will you please telegraph to the inn at Saint Ives for a bed for me? You, of course, can go on.’

The decision with which she spoke was singular, considering the importance of her resolution and the evident hysteria through

which she had passed. We met at the Bath Station, and she asked me by what class I travelled.

I replied 'third,' and she then said, if I would excuse her, she would travel 'first.'

From this point my story is a collection of fragments, some of them my own, but mainly picked up from Tom, or the nurse, or from Margaret. The nurse now speaks:

'Miss Ramsden called about ten o'clock this morning. Mr. Carpenter, my patient, had fallen asleep, and his Birkenhead friend, Mr. Dixon, had gone out. I answered the door.

"How is Mr. Carpenter?"

"Neither worse nor better."

"Can I see him? I am an old and intimate friend. Mr. Dixon, I dare say, has told you I should call."

"You can see him for a few moments if he can be kept perfectly quiet. He is not yet awake."

'We went noiselessly into his bedroom. She walked softly to the side of his bed and looked at him. To my dying day I shall never forget that attitude and that intent gaze. She was swallowed up. She stood perfectly upright. Her hands hung in front of her, clasped together. She did not stir for fully five minutes. She then came and sat down by

‘the fire opposite to me. Her elbows rested
‘on her knees, and propped up her head. So
‘she remained till the mantel-clock tinkled
‘half-past ten. She got up and moved towards
‘the door. As she was going out she beckoned
‘to me.

‘“I must speak to him.”

‘There was no regular night nurse. I slept
‘in a room next to Mr. Carpenter’s, and there
‘was a door between them always open. Miss
‘Ramsden came again about nine o’clock in the
‘evening. She asked me if she might sit in
‘Mr. Carpenter’s room till the morning. “If
‘“any change for the worse should take place,”
‘she said, “I shall be close at hand. You could
‘“not send four miles for me, and I might
‘“not be in time.”

‘Of course, I agreed.’

Margaret now reports. What follows is
a transcript from her diary :

‘What an experience—watching in the dark
‘by the side of a man whom you love, and
‘believe to be dying ! It was towards the end
‘of September, a clear, warm, starlight night.
‘The window was open, and I sat by it. The
‘magnificent square of Pegasus was opposite
‘to me, and the Pleiades were rising. Slowly,
‘but without pause, the one began to fall to
‘the west and the other to climb the sky.

‘I cannot say distinctively it was a solemn sight, or that the silence was solemn, or that the death-bed was solemn. It was as if I were in the presence of solemnity itself, a unity without reference. I thought for the most part of nothing definite, but once or twice I prayed, once upon my knees, that he might, by a miracle, be spared, so that I might show him how a woman can love.

‘At half-past five he awoke, just as the opening morn before sunrise streamed on his bed. Nurse was still asleep.

“I have not had such a good night for months,” he said.

‘He was not surprised to see me. Suddenly he spoke again.

“I wanted a word with you before I die.
 “I loved you more than I have ever loved
 “any other woman. I have never loved any
 “woman but you. I feel a burning desire you
 “should know this, not altogether because it
 “concerns you and me, but because it is a
 “great discovery that a man can thus love, and
 “nevertheless be what I have been. I also feel
 “the same burning desire that you should
 “know that a man, such as myself, your
 “lover, could fling himself without doubt into
 “the arms of a woman he never loved. During
 “the last two years, and since the death of my

“wife, my nature has undergone a singular
 “rectification. It has become much simpler.
 “If I were not too weak, I should get out of bed
 “and clasp your knees. Margaret, Margaret,
 “that dreadful irresolution, contradiction, re-
 “solve where no resolve is, have disappeared
 “and I am at the bidding of the superior
 “direction.”

‘His hand lay outside the bed. Did I con-
 ‘sciously move my own hand towards it? Any-
 ‘how, it did move, and he took it in his own
 ‘and kissed it. How easy of explanation he
 ‘seemed now !

“It is incredible that a woman should for-
 “give such an insult, such injury !

“It is because her spiritual penetration
 “goes deeper : she discerns what is behind,
 “what is the truth.¹

“I am better to-day ; pull up the blind.”

‘In another quarter of an hour the sun
 ‘would be up. One could almost hear the
 ‘advance of triumphant day.

“I believe,” said Tom, “I shall not die.
 “Margaret, will you seal my sincerity ; will

¹ [Owing to a slight confusion in the single and double in-
 verted commas in the MS., it is impossible to say for certain
 whether this sentence is intended as one of three detached
 sentences spoken by Tom, or a silent reflection inserted by
 Margaret. I have decided in favour of the former supposition,
 but neither seems to me quite satisfactory.]

“you be my wife? It may only be for hours,
“but what are hours and years?”

‘I gently pulled the door into the next
‘room, and then knelt down by his bedside.
‘We were married in that room by special
‘licence within a week, and were spared to one
‘another for many years.’

I, Philip Dixon, conclude with a word:

All these years Margaret’s love had lain
unseen, unexpressed, unsubdued, alive, al-
though encompassed with mortality. It was
not killed by violence offered to it, nor did it
decay through rot and damp.

[*I bend my knees and worship.*] I have
heard of seeds which will remain in a store-
house in darkness and cold for years, and when
placed in the earth will bloom in gorgeous
colour. [*God is great.*]

PART II

THE BIBLE

THE style of the Bible. 'But all the congregation bade stone them with stones. *And the glory of the LORD appeared in the tabernacle of the congregation before all the children of Israel.*' Numbers xiv. 10.

Wordsworth notices the effect of the iteration in Deborah's song: 'At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down: at her feet he bowed, he fell: where he bowed, there he fell down dead.' Judges v. 27.

But it is nearly as remarkable in the preceding verse. 'She put her hand to the nail, and her right hand to the workmen's hammer; and with the hammer she smote Sisera, she smote off his head, when she had pierced and stricken through his temples.'

This is not tautology. It is intensity which is not satisfied with a single statement. Another example is in the story of Jephthah. 'She was his only child; beside her he had neither son nor daughter.' Judges xi. 34.

So also : ' God created man in his own image, 'in the image of God created he him.' Genesis i. 27.

Deborah's death. Genesis xxxv. 8. The name of Rebekah's old nurse survives, although great nations have perished without any record.

Aaron 'saw the God of Israel : and there 'was under his feet as it were a paved work of 'a sapphire stone, and as it were the body of 'heaven in his clearness.' Exodus xxiv. 10. Yet in a few weeks he made the golden calf.

Twelve spies were chosen, 'every one a 'ruler' in the tribes. Excepting Joshua and Caleb, they all bring an evil report through fear. 'There we saw the giants, the sons of 'Anak, which come of the giants : and we 'were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and 'so we were in their sight.' The ten were believed against the two. But the fear and the credit given to the report of the ten are treated as a crime. Had not the cloud accompanied the congregation by day and the fire by night ?

Moses, Aaron, and Eleazar were commanded to go up unto Mount Hor. There, these three

being alone, Moses stripped Aaron of his garments and put them upon Eleazar his son, 'and Aaron died there in the top of the 'mount.' What passed through his mind when his garments were being stripped from him ?

'Take heed to thyself that thou offer not 'thy burnt offerings in every place that thou 'seest.' Deut. xii. 13. Adoration is not to be frequent or common, but is to be reserved for 'the place which the LORD shall choose.'

'They sacrificed unto devils [half-gods], not 'to God; to gods whom they knew not, to new 'gods that came newly up, whom your fathers 'feared not.' Deut. xxxii. 17. The only God to be worshipped was the God 'that begat 'thee.'

Saul cannot have been invented. The lines in his character converge into reality without any design on the part of the historian that they should come together. Take these for example :

'A choice young man, and a goodly : and 'there was not among the children of Israel a 'goodlier person than he : from his shoulders 'and upward he was higher than any of the 'people.' 1 Samuel ix. 2.

‘The Spirit of God came upon him, and
‘he prophesied among them’ (the prophets).
1 Samuel x. 10.

When he was chosen king ‘he could not be
‘found’: he had ‘hid himself.’ 1 Samuel x.
21, 22.

After he was chosen king and Nahash the
Ammonite had encamped against Jabesh-
gilead and had refused to make a covenant
with the inhabitants until he had put out their
right eyes, ‘Saul came after the herd out of
‘the field; and Saul said, What aileth the
‘people that they weep? And they told him
‘the tidings of the men of Jabesh. And the
‘Spirit of God came upon Saul when he
‘heard those tidings, and his anger was kindled
‘greatly. And he took a yoke of oxen, and
‘hewed them in pieces; and sent them through-
‘out all the coasts of Israel by the hands of
‘messengers, saying, Whosoever cometh not
‘forth after Saul and after Samuel, so shall it
‘be done unto his oxen.’ He ‘put the people
‘in three companies; and they came into the
‘midst of the host in the morning watch, and
‘slew the Ammonites until the heat of the day:
‘and it came to pass, that they which remained
‘were scattered, so that two of them were not
‘left together.’ 1 Samuel xi.

After the victory the people wished to put

to death 'the children of Belial' who had said, How shall this man save us? Saul's answer was, 'There shall not a man be put 'to death this day : for to day the LORD hath 'wrought salvation in Israel.' 1 Samuel xi. 12, 13.

The Philistines had brought the Hebrews into great straits. Saul collected an army in Gilgal and waited for Samuel. Seven days passed after the set time that Samuel had appointed, but he did not come. Then Saul himself sacrificed the burnt offering and the peace offering. 1 Samuel xiii.

At the battle of Michmash Saul cursed those of his soldiers who should eat any food till the evening, so that he might be avenged on his enemies. 1 Samuel xiv. 24.

'When Saul saw any strong man, or any 'valiant man, he took him unto him.' 1 Samuel xiv. 52.

He was troubled with an evil spirit which was charmed away by music. 1 Samuel xvi.

'There is none that sheweth me that my 'son hath made a league with the son of Jesse, 'and there is none of you that is sorry for me.' 1 Samuel xxii. 8.

Other lines might be selected. Not one can have been added by the writer of the book in order to make a picture. The greatest master

in fiction or the drama could not have thought of them all.

1 Kings xiii. A man of God is sent to Jeroboam to prophesy against him. Jeroboam invites him to the palace. He refuses—‘If thou wilt give me half thine house, I will not go in with thee, neither will I eat bread nor drink water in this place: for so was it charged me by the word of the LORD, saying, Eat no bread, nor drink water, nor turn again by the same way that thou camest.’

An old prophet, who, as he afterwards delivers a message from the Lord, must have been one of His prophets and not one of Baal’s, waylays the man of God and declares that he is commissioned by an angel to bring him home to eat and drink. But ‘he lied unto him.’ He is deceived and accepts the invitation, whereupon his host rebukes him and dooms him to death. He is killed by a lion, and the old prophet mourns over him, buries him and prays—‘When I am dead, then bury me in the sepulchre wherein the man of God is buried; lay my bones beside his bones.’ The man of God was slain, although the message was delivered to him by an authorized prophet. The point of the story perhaps is

that he disregarded the command given to *him directly*.

The surviving vitality of the Old Testament lies in the continual recurrence in our own lives of its histories and circumstances. For example, in 2 Kings i. 6 : ' Thus saith the LORD, Is it not ' because there is not a God in Israel, that thou ' sendest to enquire of Baal-zebub the god of ' Ekron ? ' This question might be asked every day.

Amongst the women of God is the Shunammite. She recognizes a prophet when she sees him. She builds for him a little chamber and puts in it a bed, a table, a stool, and a candlestick, so that when he comes by he may turn in thither. She is offered a word to great men on her behalf. She replies, ' I dwell among ' mine own people. ' She is childless and Elisha promises her a son. Her son falls ill : he sits on her knees until he dies. She lays him not on his own bed, nor on hers, but on the prophet's. She sees her husband but does not tell him what has happened. She goes straight to Elisha. Gehazi is sent to meet her and he inquires : ' Is it well with thee ? is it well with ' thy husband ? is it well with the child ? And ' she answered, It is well. ' But when she came

to Elisha, she clasped his feet. In her passion she cries out against him, 'Did I desire a son of my lord? did I not say, Do not deceive me?' Gehazi is sent to lay the prophet's staff upon the face of the child, but she will not go with him. 'As the LORD liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee.' The prophet goes back with her, and the child is restored to life. 'And when she was come in unto him [Elisha], he said, Take up thy son. Then she went in, and fell at his feet, and bowed herself to the ground, and took up her son, and went out.' What strokes!

When the Jews had come back after the Captivity they were ordered to put away their strange wives. 'And Ezra the priest, with certain chief of the fathers, after the house of their fathers, and all of them by their names, were separated, and sat down in the first day of the tenth month to examine the matter. And they made an end with all the men that had taken strange wives by the first day of the first month.' O Ezra the priest, you rent your garments and wept because the holy seed had mingled themselves with the people of those lands. Had you not a tear to spare for one of those women? Not a woman speaks!

Not a sound has reached us. They went their way and are swallowed up in silence.

A good part of Job's distress is due to the revelation of a greater God than the God of tradition. 'The deceived and the deceiver 'are his.' We feel homeless in the presence of such a Being. To bring Heaven and earth together is the origin and reason of religions. The earlier religions draw God down to man. The new Religion begins, and this is the time of trouble, by removing Him to an infinite distance (although in a way He comes nearer), and by illimitably extending Him. 'The new Reconciliation, whatever it may be, will have to be effected with God such as we now see Him to be.

'Thine hands have made me and fashioned 'me together round about ; yet thou dost 'destroy me.' Job x. 8. The care, if such a word be applicable, bestowed on the making and the carelessness of destruction. Goethe (where to find the passage I cannot recollect), observing the flower which will die in a week, is not saddened that its life should be so brief. He rejoices rather at the infinite wealth of nature. It is not necessary to her that she should be parsimonious.

The belief in right-doing in the book of Job is so strong that facts are made to bend if they conflict with it. How did it acquire this tremendous authority?

Why banish to the margin in the R.V. that exquisite and correct rendering (Job xxix. 24) 'I smiled on them when they had no confidence,' *Ich lächelte ihnen zu, wenn sie verzagten?*

The abandonment to an idea, the intellectual ecstasy in God's address to Job! So far as argument goes it might have been put into a dozen verses, but (excluding the description of behemoth and leviathan) it is prolonged through three chapters and there is not a line redundant.

'To cause it to rain on the earth, where no man is; on the wilderness, wherein there is no man.' Job xxxviii. 26. This then has struck the author of this book, that God has designs which go beyond man.

Still further (as in R.V.), 'The wing of the ostrich rejoiceth; but are her pinions and feathers kindly? For she leaveth her eggs on the earth, and warmeth them in the dust, and forgetteth that the foot may crush them,

‘or that the wild beast may trample them. She
‘is hardened against her young ones, as if they
‘were not hers.’ Job xxxix. 13-16. A daring
appeal to the lack of maternal instinct as
enlarging the conception of God.

‘I had heard of thee by the hearing of the ear ;
‘but now mine eye seeth thee, wherefore I loathe
‘my words, and repent in dust and ashes.’ Job
xlii. 5, 6, R.V. (margin). He loathes his words,
he repents in dust and ashes, because he had
spoken hearsay about God. If we understood
this, what would become of our theologies and
churches ?

The inwardness of a few of the Psalms is
profound. ‘Yea, from the horns of the wild-
‘oxen thou hast answered me.’ xxii. 21, R.V.
From between their very horns !

Psalms xxxix. 1, R.V. (margin). ‘I will keep
‘a muzzle for my mouth, while the wicked is
‘before me.’

Psalms xxxix. 6, R.V. (margin). ‘Surely
‘every man walketh as a shadow.’

Psalms xxxix. 9. ‘I was dumb, I opened
‘not my mouth ; because thou didst it.’

Psalms xxxix. 12, R.V. ‘For I am a stranger

‘[guest] with thee, a sojourner, as all my fathers were.’

The twelfth verse is the explanation of the temper of the verses preceding. The pathos of that twelfth verse, and yet there is consolation in it—as *all my fathers were*; the common lot!

Psalm ciii. This Psalm was a favourite with an old lady I knew. She was always reading it. The way in which she interpreted it was extraordinary. She put Christianity into it. More singular still, she imposed it on her own experience and preferred to believe of herself what it said, rather than the facts. She suffered miserably, but in the midst of her troubles would repeat as indubitably true ‘Who healeth all thy diseases.’ She had apparently convinced herself it must be true although every day contradicted it.

‘Neither do I exercise myself in great matters, or in things too wonderful for me. Surely I have stilled and quieted my soul; like a weaned child with his mother, my soul is with me like a weaned child.’ Psalm cxxxi, R.V. A text to be hung round the neck and remembered daily. The wisdom of it is understood as we grow old.

‘He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth
‘up their wounds. He telleth the number of
‘the stars; he calleth them all by their names.’
Psalm cxlvii. 3, 4. The same God!

‘He that vexeth himself with strife belonging
‘not to him, is like one that taketh a passing
‘dog by the ears.’ Proverbs xxvi. 17, R.V.
(margin). Nevertheless, if the beast be mad
and you can shoot it, you ought not to let it
run. Interference, when it is not a duty, and
interference, taking by the ears, are stupid.

‘Strength and dignity are her clothing; and
‘she laugheth at the time to come.’ Proverbs
xxx. 25, R.V. Can any virtue be imagined
more precious to the anxious husband than
that indicated by the last half-dozen words?

‘Say ye not, holy [corrected translation],
‘concerning all whereof this people shall say,
‘holy; neither fear ye their fear, nor be in
‘dread thereof. The LORD of hosts, him shall
‘ye esteem holy; and let him be your fear, and
‘let him be your dread. And he shall be for
‘a sanctuary; but for a stone of stumbling and
‘for a rock of offence to both the houses of
‘Israel, for a gin and for a snare to the inhabi-
‘tants of Jerusalem.’ Isaiah viii. 12-14, R.V.

The LORD of hosts shall be a gin and a snare, unexpected destruction. There is in the world a permanent Justice. When totally forgotten it breaks up like an earthquake. The belief that it abides holds us to life. If it goes—

‘Life’s but
 a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.’

‘Forasmuch as . . . their fear of me is a
 ‘commandment of men which hath been learned
 ‘by rote: therefore . . . the wisdom of their
 ‘wise men shall perish, and the understanding
 ‘of their prudent men shall be hid.’ Isaiah
 xxix. 13, 14, R.V. (margin). When the fear
 of the Lord is a thing learned by rote, is the
 time when society is in danger.

‘Shall . . . the thing framed say of him that
 ‘framed it, He hath no understanding?’ Isaiah
 xxix. 16, R.V.

‘To him [Friedrich], as to all of us, it was
 ‘flatly inconceivable that intellect, moral emo-
 ‘tion, could have been put into *him* by an Entity
 ‘that had none of its own.’ Carlyle’s *History*
of Frederick the Great, vol. vi, p. 686.¹

¹ [Edition 1858-65.]

The thirty-fifth chapter of Isaiah is an example of a singular kind of poetry. It is not a similitude; the fact and the illustration are not separate; reality passes into the imaginative and the imaginative into the reality, so that we get a unity which is neither one nor the other but a vital union of both. 'The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing; . . . Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. . . . And an high way shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; and he shall walk in the way for them, and fools shall not err therein. No lion shall be there,' &c. (R.V. margin). No line can be drawn in these wonderful verses between the earthly and the spiritual.

In the midst of the exhortation to comfort the people, of the good tidings (Isaiah xl, R.V.), come the verses 'The voice of one saying, Cry. And one said, What shall I cry?

‘All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field : the grass withereth, the flower fadeth ; because the breath of the LORD bloweth upon it : surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth : but the word of our God shall stand for ever.’

So also in Isaiah li. 6. ‘The heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a garment, and they that dwell therein shall die like gnats : but my salvation shall be for ever, and my righteousness shall not be abolished’ (R.V. margin). Perfection is reached when we can say ‘*this is enough*,’ when we care for nothing but this.

The main object of our studies should be the provision of a shelter, a covering under which we can live. ‘Their webs shall not become garments, neither shall they cover themselves with their works.’ Isaiah lix. 6. Fruitless activity : no protection achieved by anything thought or done.

Jeremiah xxiii. This chapter directed against the false prophets is one of the most singular in the Bible. They might have replied to Jeremiah, What is the test ? Is not our word as good as yours ? There is no external test.

All I can say to the objector is that I know my belief springs below his.

The false prophet speaks 'a vision' out of his 'own heart,' and 'not out of the mouth of the 'LORD.' It is his own and not *quod semper*; *quod ubique*; *quod ab omnibus*, rightly understood. By his 'dreams' he causes the name of God to be forgotten: he 'steals' God's words from men. 'And the burden of 'the LORD shall ye mention no more: for 'every man's own word shall be his burden.' No more the *quod semper*, but a personal 'dream,' and God's wrath is kindled against the dreamer because he gives us a 'He saith' as authority for his night-begotten, disordered fancy. Terrible is the punishment for those who mistake the false for the true prophet. 'Because ye say this word, The burden of the 'LORD, and I have sent unto you, saying, Ye 'shall not say, The burden of the LORD; there- 'fore, behold, I will utterly forget you, and I 'will cast you off, and the city that I gave unto 'you and to your fathers, away from my pre- 'sence: and I will bring an everlasting reproach 'upon you, and a perpetual shame, which shall 'not be forgotten.' R.V.

The penalty for wrong-doing often falls upon those who are not guilty and we arraign

Providence. Much of this injustice is due to the present artificial conditions of society. If they were simpler, punishments and rewards would more closely follow desert. This is the ideal. It is not general happiness. To Jeremiah the blessed days to come will be those in which 'they shall say no more, The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge. But every one shall die for his own iniquity : every man that eateth the sour grapes, his teeth shall be set on edge.' Jeremiah xxxi. 29, 30, R.V.

The little book of Lamentations is a precious, genuine record. Our imagination broods over Jerusalem. The prophets 'find no vision from the LORD.' They 'have seen visions for thee of vanity and foolishness.' 'The hands of the pitiful women have sodden their own children.' To such a pass have the prophets of vanity and foolishness brought them! 'In our watching [on our watch-tower] we have watched for a nation that could not save.' 'Our fathers have sinned, and are not ; and we have borne their iniquities.' They are asleep and at peace. 'The precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold, how are they esteemed as earthen pitchers, the work of the hands of the potter !' What care these heathen

for the gold ? Gold is as clay to them. Then there is the struggle still to believe. 'Thou, O LORD, abidest for ever ; thy throne is from generation to generation.' (R.V.)

'For every one . . . which separateth himself from me, and taketh his idols into his heart, and putteth the stumblingblock of his iniquity before his face, and cometh to the prophet to inquire for himself of me ; I the LORD will answer him by myself : and I will set my face against that man, and will make him an astonishment, for a sign and a proverb, and I will cut him off from the midst of my people ; and ye shall know that I am the LORD. And if the prophet be enticed and speaketh a word, I the LORD have deceived that prophet, and I will stretch out my hand upon him, and will destroy him from the midst of my people Israel.' Ezekiel xiv. 7-9, R.V. (margin). It is very terrible. The prophet is as much to be pitied as those who resort to him.

'And as for thee, son of man, the children of thy people talk of thee by the walls and in the doors of the houses, and speak one to another, every one to his brother, saying, Come, I pray you, and hear what is the word that cometh forth from the LORD. And they

‘come unto thee as the people cometh, [in a ‘troop], and they sit before thee as my people, ‘and they hear thy words, but do them not: ‘for with their mouth they shew much love, but ‘their heart goeth after their gain. And, lo, ‘thou art unto them as a very lovely song of ‘one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play ‘well on an instrument: for they hear thy ‘words, but they do them not.’ Ezekiel xxxiii. 30-2, R.V.

The most hopeless condition into which a people can fall. Cultivated, literary admiration, which becomes even enthusiastic of the style and beauty of the Word, a very lovely song it is, but the heart goeth after gain. From open hostility and sin a man may be converted, but from this temper never.

Carlyle says that no Jew, not even Heine, has humour. But what irony! ‘Yea, ye shall ‘take up Siccuth your king and Chiun your ‘images, the star of your god, which ye made ‘to yourselves. And I will cause you to go into ‘captivity beyond Damascus, saith the LORD, ‘whose name is the God of hosts.’ Amos v. 26, 27, R.V. (margin and corrected). Driven into captivity, carrying, slung on their backs, the wooden idols which had deposed the LORD!

Jonah. A noble little book, ill-deserving the stupid laughter it has caused. It is characteristic of our modern ways to fasten upon the story of the fish and neglect the moral of the closing verses. I would sooner believe both than neither. Jonah lamented the loss of his gourd (*dich jammert*), and his loss swallows up all thought of Nineveh. Should not God lament if Nineveh were destroyed, 'that great city, wherein are more than sixscore thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand; and also much cattle'?

'And it shall come to pass at that time, that I will search Jerusalem with candles; and I will punish the men that are thickened on their lees, that say in their heart, The LORD will not do good, neither will he do evil.' Zephaniah i. 12, R.V.

That God does not do good or evil is a conclusion, not of thinking, at least to Zephaniah, but of muddy repose on the lees. It often goes by the name of common-sense, but is mere sleep.

How precious would be a collection of sayings, the object of which is not to prove that the God of the Universe is what our love and

justice would have Him to be (for proof is impossible) but which do serve to unsettle despair. We have done something when we can doubt our doubts. Esdras asks the Lord how long it will be until His purposes are accomplished. The answer is, 'Thou dost 'not hasten more than the Most High : for thy 'haste is for thine own self, but he that is above 'hasteneth on behalf of many.' 2 Esdras iv. 34, R.V. There are other texts in Esdras which show that the author of the book has had a struggle with the *obvious* and has fought manfully. For example, 'Let it not be thy 'will to destroy them which have lived like 'cattle ; but look upon them that have clearly 'taught thy law.' viii. 29. Again, 'Be thou 'no longer curious how the ungodly shall be 'punished ; but inquire how the righteous shall 'be saved, they whose the world is, and for 'whom the world was created.' ix. 13.

Perhaps the noblest of all the attributes of Wisdom—'free from care.' Wisdom of Solomon vii. 23, R.V.

We do not properly recognize the important fact that relative truth is of more consequence to us than any abstract truth. I have my own particular defects or needs, and my own par-

ticular truths are the medicine or food for them. 'And make the counsel of thy heart
'to stand ; for there is none more faithful unto
'thee than it. For a man's soul is sometime
'wont to bring him tidings, more than seven
'watchmen that sit on high on a watch-tower.'
Ecclesiasticus xxxvii. 13, 14, R.V.

GEORGE ELIOT AS I KNEW HER

BETWEEN 1852 and 1854 I lived at John Chapman's house, 142 Strand. George Eliot, or rather Miss Evans, lived there at that time. Chapman published free-thought books, mostly on commission. Very few of them, I need hardly say, paid their expenses. He had recently become the proprietor of the *Westminster Review*. This also did not pay, and he borrowed money on it all round from his friends. He engaged Miss Evans as sub-editor. She had a dark room at the end of a long dark passage, and in that room I have read proofs to her. My own room, the quietest I have known in London, or out of it, was over hers, and looked across the river to the Norwood hills. Mrs. Chapman kept an American boarding-house, and her family, Chapman's staff, and the visitors had meals together. I remember vividly the day on which I came to No. 142, and had lunch there. Miss Evans sat opposite to me. I was a mere youth, a stranger, awkward and shy. She was then almost unknown to the world, but I had sense enough to discern she was a remarkable

creature. I was grateful to her because she replied even with eagerness to a trifling remark I happened to make, and gave it some importance. That was always her way. If there was any sincerity (an indispensable qualification) in the person with whom she came into contact, she strove to elicit his best, and generally disclosed to him something in himself of which he was not aware. I have never seen anybody whose search for the meaning and worth of persons and things was so un-resting as hers. The travelling American was not very interesting, but even from him she managed to extract whatever gave him a title to existence. She had little note-books, in which she jotted down whatever struck her. Passages she had read which she had not been able to understand were also put down, and looked up at her leisure. These note-books, many of them at any rate, are still in existence. The style of Miss Evans's conversation was perfect; it was quite natural, but never slipshod, and the force and sharpness of her thought were never lost in worn phrases. She was attractive personally. Her hair was particularly beautiful, and in her grey eyes there was a curiously shifting light, generally soft and tender, but convertible into the keenest flash. The likeness by Sir Frederick

Burton is good, but it gives permanence to that which was not permanent in her face. It lacks the generality combined with particularity which we find in portraits by the greatest masters.

I fancy that one of the reasons why she and Chapman did not agree was that she did not like his somewhat disorderly ways. She has been accused of 'respectability.' Even Sir Leslie Stephen in his scholarly essay describes her as 'eminently respectable.' It is not very easy to understand what is meant by this word. If there is any meaning in it worth preservation, it is conformity to usage merely for the sake of conformity, and perhaps, more precisely, it is mental compromise. I deny that in either of these senses George Eliot was 'respectable.' She never terminated inquiry till she had gone as far as her powerful intellect permitted her to go, and she never refused to act upon her investigation. If she did not outrage the world by indecency, it was not because she was 'respectable,' but because she had not deduced indecency as the final outcome of thinking or the highest achievement of art. She delighted in music, and played Beethoven, one evening, as I shall never forget, to me alone. She was not, I suppose, a first-rate performer, but she more than satisfied me, and

I was, I am afraid, a little incoherent in my thanks. A favourite composer with her was Gluck, and it was she who introduced me to Orfeo. She was generous to a degree which nobody now living can measure, and she not only gave money to necessitous friends, but took pains to serve them. Years after I had left Chapman's I wrote to her asking if she could assist a poor man of letters whom we both knew, and she got work for him. It was foolish of me to let my intercourse with her drop. Its cessation was mainly due to that careless, wasteful indifference of youth which leads us to neglect the most precious opportunities. Towards the close of a long life there is nothing more painful than the recollections of those many tides in our affairs which would have led on to fortune, but were omitted.

This is not the place for criticism, as it is called, of George Eliot, nor should I care to attempt it. There is too much belittlement of genius—often with profane levity. It is an easy trick; the meanest soul can do it. As George Eliot has said herself, 'the art of 'spoiling is within reach of the dullest faculty.' We need to be taught to admire, to surrender ourselves to admiration. 'If you call a bad 'thing bad,' says Goethe, 'you do little; if you

‘call a good thing good, you do much.’ There is more good in the *Mill on the Floss* than can be exhausted in half a dozen readings, and most of us will be better occupied in appreciating it with all our hearts and souls than in balancing against it imaginary blemishes discovered by imperfect study.

I cannot, however, refrain from saying a word or two upon a judgement passed on George Eliot by one or two of my friends who really value her. They tell me she is not a good novelist because she mixes up philosophy with fiction; no person in a novel ought to moralize, or to express opinions directly upon art, literature, or science. Whether or not this is true depends upon definition. It is a question of words not worth debating. George Eliot was chosen to write as she did in *Middlemarch*, and I am profoundly grateful. You may judge her, if you like, by the *Count of Monte Cristo*; the comparison is no concern of mine, but I confess that *Middlemarch* is more to my taste. The people I most wish to know in actual life are those who think and talk a little upon subjects like those, for example, which interested Lydgate, and I do not see why I should object to meet with them in a story. Dorothea says to Ladislaw: ‘By desiring what is perfectly good, even

‘when we don’t quite know what it is and
‘cannot do what we would, we are part of the
‘divine power against evil—widening the skirts
‘of light and making the struggle with dark-
‘ness narrower.’ I would sooner have the
woman Dorothea, who talks thus, and is what
she talks, than the females of other works of
fiction of great reputation as ‘art for art’s
‘sake.’ But it is urged that George Eliot turns
aside and comments at length. If we grant
that she indulges a little too much in her own
reflections, we cannot deny that they are per-
tinent, and are not an interruption, save to
those who turn over her pages solely in order
to know what is going to happen, whether
Raffles will die and Bulstrode will be found
out. What reflections, too, they are! Could
we have made them, or could we have seen
without them what now we see? Whether
she is a bore or not depends upon the quality
of her readers. Many animals are, no doubt,
bored by all articulate human speech.

One final observation. George Eliot was
born early enough in the last century to see
an England which has almost completely
passed away, and yet her education was
modern. Her youthful impressions were
cherished with affection and were the root of
a sweet and healthy conservatism. In later

life she did not cast herself loose, but applied herself with all her natural strength and with all her stores of the newest thought to display and interpret the Warwickshire of her childhood, its fields, its villages, their inhabitants and their beliefs. It was not a mere outside London literary study, as those who remember the Midlands of her day can testify, and yet she was sufficiently aloof to depict them. She owed to them the foundation of what she was, but they, through her, became vocal. She was exactly the right person, and came at exactly the right moment. She is an original word which could not have been uttered before, and cannot be repeated or imitated.

A DREAM OF TWO DIMENSIONS

(*circa* 1880)¹

ONE Sunday afternoon, a few years ago, I was very discontented. I had been bothered by attempting to teach my son his Euclid. I had been explaining the definitions to him, and I did not want to explain definitions to him but to go on with my own book, Sunday being the only day I had for reading. He ought to have done his lessons on Saturday, but he had boggled over them and would not comprehend the simplest truths. He obstinately stuck to it that a line had breadth, and was inclined to argue the point. Nothing irritates me more in children than idle debate when they ought to be learning what is set before them, and at last I told him to cease his silly chatter and commit to memory what I had uselessly tried to make intelligible to him. I bundled him off upstairs and proceeded to bewail to his mother, as I generally did on Sunday afternoons, my hard lot, my lack of leisure and society, &c., &c. Whenever I went into other houses everything seemed

¹ [Revised 1908. See Preface.]

cheerful and bright : here there was nothing but gloom ; life for me was a perpetual grind and nobody cared two pins about me. My poor little wife, as her habit was, tried to console me, and observed that our greatest blessings were, perhaps, those of which we took the least notice because we were so used to them. I held my tongue. I had got into the habit of despising her counsels as feeble. She did not appreciate me, and I could never hope she would. What a thing it would be to have a wife with some intelligence, who could see that my sufferings were real and could soothe them ! I answered her by turning my head on one side in my easy chair and obtrusively shutting my eyes, as if what she had said were not worth notice. It was my usual way of meeting her endeavours to help me. She looked at me quietly for a moment ; there were tears in her eyes ; she rose and left the room. A momentary pang shot through me, but it was instantly subdued by the philosophical reflection that she would doubtless forget all about the matter in a moment, for her nature was slight and not so permanently sensitive and impressionable as my own.

Just at this point a mist stole over me ; it was as if I had taken chloroform : I tried to call out, but could not. I became completely

unconscious and then passed into another universe. I found myself in a world of coloured shadows. Nobody except myself had any thickness, nothing but length and breadth. Of course, all sorts of objections will be raised—if they were shadows, of what were they the shadows? &c., &c. I must beg my friends not to be sceptical nor to apply the little measuring-rod of the logical understanding to objects outside its own proper limits, within which it is valid. What may seem contradictory in its sphere may not be so beyond it. All I can do is to put down what I saw, and I repeat that, although nobody but myself had any other dimension than length and breadth, yet in other respects everything went on much the same as in the world I had left.

I at once discovered that my third dimension was entirely invisible and entirely incomprehensible to the inhabitants. I was a shadow to them, just like themselves. At first I was greatly delighted. ‘Here is one thing less ‘with which to bother myself,’ said I, and life seemed agreeably simple and easy. It then occurred to me that I had nothing to do, and that it was my duty at once to seek some employment. I was confronted with a difficulty. It was a silent land, and people talked

by the motions of their lips. However, in a little while I learnt their language and was able to interpret with my eyes as readily as with my ears in the world I had left. I got some work as assistant to a bookseller who sold shadowy books. Of course there was no solid food anywhere. Legs of mutton, with length and breadth but no thickness, hung in the butchers' shops, just as ordinary legs of mutton hang in the butchers' shops with us. The meat and drink of two dimensions satisfied me as completely as it satisfied everybody else. I ate shadowy bread and drank shadowy beer and seemed to flourish, excepting now and then a little giddiness in the head.

Afterwards I obtained a tutorship in a school, and one of my duties was to teach elementary physiology. This was dreadfully difficult, for, although it had been a favourite subject with me, my knowledge for the most part was useless or wrong. The meaning of ears was a stock subject of discussion. The materialists held that they were a mere appendage remaining from prehistoric times, and would gradually be absorbed; indications of descent from a race which, more sensual than the present, drew in nourishment that way, the mouth not being sufficient. The spiritualistic philosophers asked why we should always

be seeking a reason for things, and maintained that the purpose of ears was simply ornament to relieve the flat side of the head. It may be asked, why did I not tell the truth and settle the controversy? In the first place, I should have been unintelligible, and in the second, the laws were much more strict than with us, and heresy in science as well as in religion were both punishable with death.

I found to my astonishment that concerts were given, and as much interest taken in music as if the audience heard every note. I have observed a thousand people watching for three hours in the evening a great violin-player and a singer. Afterwards, when our party came home, they have declared they were greatly refreshed and elevated. It was the absence of earthly music which began to make me discontented, for I had been fond of it. I not only missed harmonies and melodies, but even the noise of my previous condition. I hated noise at home, but now I longed for it and would have given a great deal to hear a barrel-organ or the bang of a door. Whatever to ordinary human beings produced an unpleasant sound was just as disagreeable to the shadows. I have seen the head master of our school distracted because a boy dropped his slate.

The whole population disappeared with the sun, and became dimmer and dimmer as the evening drew on. In the night the country seemed quite empty: in the morning everybody reappeared and went about his work as usual.

I observed that, as with us, there was one subject which much occupied the preachers and philosophers, the death of shadows. The orthodox creed, the creed of the court, was that shadows at the close of life passed into a world of one dimension only. It was very difficult, they said, to conceive such a world, but it was obviously better suited to the pure existence to which we all aspired.

There was no lack of gaiety in our town, but I was much afflicted with hypochondria. I consulted several physicians, but got no better. One to whom I went affirmed that I had a sumduggitous constitution. I asked him what this was, and he replied that sumduggity was a certain condition of the system indicating the presence of sumdug, the effect being that the patient viewed everything through a sumduggitous medium. He should prescribe no drugs, but would advise me to give up work, to go into society, and, he added smilingly, to get married. He was sure that what I wanted more than anything else was

cheerful company, which would distract my attention and prevent me from brooding over myself. This agreed with my own conclusions, but there was one sufficient reason why I could not immediately take his advice. I had seen no young woman who cared for me. I had made one or two proposals, but had been rejected. I had been received with some favour by the daughter of a clergyman, but she one day broke off our intercourse, the alleged reason being that I 'did not understand her.' I heard afterwards that her father had told her there was something about me which convinced him I was not sound in the faith. At last I succeeded in winning a bright, charming damsel, and we were married and took a pleasant little house in the suburbs. I enjoyed for a time my wife's society, but the usual disappearance every evening at sunset till the sun rose the next morning began to disturb me, and I felt her to be only partly mine. 'What does it matter,' said I to myself, 'that she is with me all day if she is dead during the rest of the twenty-four hours?' I dwelt upon my trouble till I became enveloped in it, worse than I had ever been.

My affectionate wife did not fail to notice the change. 'What was the cause of my low spirits?' she asked; 'I was getting tired of

'her she was sure,' and she grew dejected and anxious. In a measure I was touched by her suffering, but although I tried to calm her and put my arms round her, I wished all the time she were something different. It was not solely her absences from me which weighed on me, but mainly that I could not impart to her the great fact that I had a third dimension, and that she was ignorant of my immense superiority to her. I found, moreover, that any attempt to talk to her about this matter was dangerous. I tried it once, and when I stopped speaking she was in great alarm. She said that I had been mumbling incoherently for a good ten minutes, and that she thought I was in a fit. Several times I made up my mind to be satisfied and to torment myself no longer. We were decently well off; she loved me tenderly—why not be content? Why make myself wretched during the twelve hours I was with her because I could not keep her for the other twelve hours? Why should I be miserable because I possessed one peculiarity of which she was not aware? Then what advantages she had over me. For grace there was nothing like her. To see her dance when we gave a little party was a wonder. The accuracy of her response to the utmost delicacy of object or thought, her apprehension

in a flash of what would have been a difficulty needing laborious explanation in the world I had left, were astonishing. Besides, I was by no means sure that by her freedom from a third dimension she was not able to see truths of which I could form no conception. But what a creature is man! My third dimension was always in my mind, and I came to the conclusion I would rather be without a wife who did not appreciate it. I am sorry to say I had not sufficient self-command and generosity to keep my ill temper to myself, and I rejected all her advances towards me. She, on the other hand, redoubled her efforts to conciliate and entertain me. She received me in the most exquisite colours when I came home, lovelier far than any we have here, and her ways were so ærial and so bewitching that, at times, if I had not obstinately held off from her, cruelly shutting up myself within myself, I should have fallen on her neck and endeavoured to return her self-sacrificing devotion. At last my hard-heartedness began to tell upon her. I surprised her sometimes in tears. The moment she became aware of my presence she collected herself and strove to assume her old radiance. Brute that I was I took no notice of her sorrows, except in order to magnify my own by comparison with

them. By degrees our life became almost unendurable, and she pressed me to take a holiday and try what change of air would do. It was she in reality who wanted it, but I did not hint that she ought to go. We could not both leave home, and, of course, it was absurd that I, with a third dimension, should give way. With what unfeigned joy did she not hear that I had obtained leave of absence! I should have been tempted to think she wanted to get rid of me if I had not watched her through my half-shut eyes one afternoon when I pretended to be asleep, and saw her creep to me and felt her kiss my head. I would not tell her where I was going. To a being ignorant of my third dimension it was not worth while to communicate my plans, and I actually felt a secret pleasure in stalking out of the house, informing her, in answer to her earnest inquiries, that I could not tell her when she might expect me. I wandered about in a mutinous state of mind. One day I discovered in my pocket a letter which I must have taken up unawares when I left home. It was in my wife's handwriting, and addressed to a famous doctor about fifty miles from our town, who was also one of her most intimate friends. She complained in it of ill health, but said she was more anxious on my account than on her

own; that I was greatly depressed, and, as the evening drew on, 'which is usually, as you know, the pleasantest time with us,' I grew abstracted, silent, and seemed to take no notice of anybody. It was just as if I saw nothing: nobody succeeded in attracting my attention. What could the good doctor prescribe?

This was the first time it had crossed my mind that the disappearance of my wife and the whole world at nightfall was not a reality to them as it was to me. I knew not what to do. At last, I determined to send the letter, go home, and intercept the reply. When I returned, I was received with all the old affection: my wife was more lovely than ever, but my self-absorption deepened. The answer to her letter came at last. The doctor had been absent on business. He was half suspected of being a believer in unauthorized science, but he was the ablest adviser in the country. He told her that her case was not unique, that once or twice in his life he had seen something of the same kind, and that there was but one cure. This he would send her. He warned her that it was dangerous if his directions were not followed. We must both take the medicine at the same moment. If I were to wait till she had taken her share

and then refuse, she would inevitably die, but if I were to drink with her we should cease to be estranged. The constitution of both of us would be altered, but not for the worse, and we should both stand on the same level of insight and affection. I let the phial and the prescription reach my wife. In a day or two she spoke to me, confessed she had written to the physician, both on her own account and on mine, and in a few words told me what I already knew. She passionately implored me to follow his advice. She herself was more than willing to take it. The desire of her life was to sympathize with me and soothe my sufferings. She wished for no selfish pleasure. If I fancied, contrary to the doctor's assurance, that the change might be a sacrifice to me, would I not make it for her love's sake? The more earnestly however she prayed, the more obdurate did I become. What was there in her which could do me any good?

That night I saw the phial on her mantelpiece half empty. She had hoped that, although she could not persuade me, it was possible she might relieve me by the desperate venture of drinking her portion. In the morning I saw her again as usual. She did not allude to what had happened, and her manner

towards me was unchanged, although she was weak and sad. During the day she evidently suffered, and became paler and paler. The next morning she was worse. For the first time my selfishness melted a little, but not, I am ashamed to say, into real care for her. The relaxation was due to hardly anything better than nervous terror of being alone without her. I went for a doctor, but we came back only in time to see her, not exactly die, but disappear. What was my amazement and horror to find that the whole land was instantly depopulated! Doctor, everybody, had vanished. I tore through the city, passing into the shops, churches, houses of friends, but not a soul was to be seen. This then was my punishment! O! how can I describe the dreadful agony of those days, and what it is to be quite alone! I drank the other half of the medicine, but it had no effect. I would have welcomed the thief, the assassin, the merest fool, for in every human being there is that which is better than mere nothingness. I had to lament the loss of a woman to whose loveliness, virtues, and gifts I had wilfully blinded myself, and I had lost her, not through anything which was part of my own self, but through an assumed, false conceit. It was worse than murder in a moment of anger.

I might have borne my anguish if I had been able to show my penitence, but the thought that for an unrepentant, callous wretch such as I she had laid down her life was intolerable. 'What is my fancied superiority worth,' I exclaimed, 'if I could be so blind and commit such a crime?'

After long wandering I went home, threw myself on the bed in despair and fell into deep sleep. I saw my wife once more before me, but alas! how changed. The features were the same, but in hue like a mist, just as they were before she went away. I sprang towards her, but she waved me off, and then asked me whether I dared be hers again on the condition that as she was, or might become, I must be. 'O! my beloved,' I cried, 'on any condition will I be yours, now and for ever', and I knelt before her. 'Is it true?' she replied, and her cheeks became slightly coloured as a cloud touched by a ray of light an hour before dawn. This time I could not speak but rose and again sprang towards her. 'Stay,' she said, and produced a phial like that I knew so well. It was filled with a liquor which was the colour of blood and glowed like fire. She drank some herself and gave the rest to me. I swallowed it eagerly, just saw her arms move to embrace me, and then

suddenly lost myself. Where was I? I was in my chair in 10 Albert Villas, the Euclid was on the floor, and my own earthly wife was sitting opposite to me. She had entered the room noiselessly, for I had slept long beyond my usual time.

A FORGOTTEN BOOK

WILLIAM SEWELL was one of the early Tractarians. He was a good Greek scholar, and for five years Professor of Moral Philosophy at Oxford. He wrote a remarkable book called *Christian Morals*, which was not without its influence on the young men of his day, both Churchmen and Dissenters. I lately saw it in the sixpenny box of a second-hand bookshop, bought it, and read it again for the third time. How many people have read Sewell's *Christian Morals* within the last two years? Nevertheless, it is well worth study, for it is in a way an excellent type of something which it is very necessary we should understand.

Why Sewell became a Tractarian we will not inquire. The inquiry would involve researches in religious history and metaphysics beyond the compass of the present paper. From his youth he had been familiar with Aristotle and Plato, and when Tractarianism took possession of him, the *Nicomachean*

Ethics and the *Republic* could not be cast out as mere heathenism, nor even put aside. They were in his blood, precious as his life to him, and perhaps it is not going too far to say that they were never more precious to him than after his conversion. So it also was with truths which had been learned from other philosophies, and, as neither philosophy nor Tractarianism would give way, it came to pass that Tractarianism was found to be the fulfilled prophecy of all genuine thinking, the very framework of the Universe with its solar systems and stellar galaxies. A few examples will enable the reader to see more distinctly what Sewell's method was.

He derives from Aristotle the suggestive observation that good systems of ethics and metaphysics invariably rest upon at least two principles seemingly opposed to one another. But the human mind strives after unity, and therefore, 'if a perfectly true system is to be 'acquired, it must be received from that perfect 'reason which can comprehend all things. It 'must be received upon faith.' We hesitate at the word 'faith,' not knowing at first in what sense Sewell intends to use it. 'Perhaps,' we say to ourselves, 'he means what Aristotle himself meant, but it may be that something quite 'different is intended.' We justly hesitate, for

a few pages further we find that Aristotle becomes an argument for the personality of the devil and for the acceptance of the dogma on the authority of the Church.

There is the soundest wisdom in the remark that in the study of ethic, and it is true also in other departments, there must be some central point round which and from which our knowledge and practice must organize itself. Eclecticism in morals or in religion is decay and death. Sewell advises his students to take one master in ethic, such as Aristotle, to become thoroughly acquainted with him and to let subsequent knowledge be relative to him, correcting him, adding to him or confirming him. The advice can be extended. A man is more likely to be happy if there is a single object to which he devotes himself than if he wanders at large. If he is a reader of books and strays over all literature, dipping into this and that—Elizabethan dramatists, Greek plays, Byron, Milton, history, Goethe, Buddhism—he is apt to be overtaken with scepticism and despair. But what is Sewell's application of his unimpeachable maxim? He adopts Origen's words unreservedly, 'that 'the preaching and doctrines of the Church, 'transmitted by the order of succession from 'the apostles, and continuing unaltered to this

‘time in the Church, be maintained inviolate ;
 ‘that such only be deemed truth which in no
 ‘respect are discordant with ecclesiastical and
 ‘apostolical tradition.’

The distinction between the *δόξαι* and *φαντασίαι* and the *τὰ ὄντα* was one well understood by Sewell, and we hear a familiar and noble note when he tells us that fixedness is supplied by the external world. The *τὰ ὄντα* in morals are things to be *discovered*. Our *δόξαι* and *φαντασίαι* as to what ought to be done are not to be the rule of life, but what something external to us has determined. We may reconstruct the Decalogue, but if the Almighty has settled that men and women, if they choose to exist, are to be governed by it, our reconstruction will end in disaster. It may perhaps be conjectured what becomes of this sound and ancient creed in the hands of a Tractarian professor. It is converted subtly enough into an argument against Dissent, and what the external world was to Aristotle and Plato, the Catholic Church in theology is to Sewell.

The *Christian Morals* is also full of ideas, not directly Greek, which are impressively true so long as they remain apart from the ecclesiasticism into whose service they are pressed. One of them is that a common

religion which is to be obtained by striking out points of difference is impossible. A religion is the expression of the most intense vitality of which man is capable, and an organism which is vital is alive to its extremities. It cannot be mutilated at any point without injury and pain. The refinement of belief is dear to us, for it is the consummation in flower of what lies beneath. If the Athanasian Creed were felt to be true, its subtlety would be no objection to it. Nature demands minute accuracy in earthly matters. Newton was prevented for many years by a small mistake in the measurement of the earth's diameter from making his great discovery that the moon was held in its orbit by the force which gives bodies near the earth their weight. It is foolish, therefore, to reject ritual or creed because they are unnecessary intricacies, and to talk of a plain, simple religion which anybody can understand. The valid objection to the ritual and the creed is that they symbolize or enunciate what cannot be proved. Sewell is right in his objection to an indeterminate religion, but omits the proofs of his own.

'Theology' the *Christian Morals* affirms to be the 'mother of all knowledge.' Sewell boldly declares that what is true in natural science is traceable to the Catholic faith. This,

again, in a sense may be admitted. The belief in the Divine Unity no doubt had its effect on scientific progress, and the Greek astronomers, as Sewell says, were helped by their confidence in the perfection of certain forms to construct that marvellous system which is so much nearer the truth than the ignorant amongst us suppose. But there is a radical difference between the methods of Sewell's Catholic theologian and that of the astronomer. Kepler was convinced that the apparent positions of the planets must be in accordance with a rule. So far his theology or metaphysics was antecedent. He tried to verify successive guesses, going over his calculations seventy times, and at last hit upon one which would account within eight minutes for the position of Mars as observed by Tycho Brahe. Any ordinary man would have sacrificed those eight minutes. He would have said that Tycho Brahe might be wrong, or that they did not matter. But Kepler knew that Tycho Brahe was not likely to make such a mistake, and that eight minutes *did* matter. Accordingly, as Mr. Morton, his biographer, tells us, 'he bravely set to work to go over the whole weary way again, declaring that "upon this eight minutes he would yet build up the true theory of the universe".' The result

was his three laws. A most divine theology or piety certainly did prompt him, more particularly when he refused to neglect the eight minutes. But the priest of the 'Catholic' type, if the first theory had been sanctioned by Pope or orthodox council, would have stuck to it, and the objectionable protest of eye and instrument would have become a heresy. A very awkward eight minutes interposes itself against the acceptance of many of Mr. Sewell's dogmas.

One more example of this unnatural union of realities and shadows. Sewell observes that life should be considered as a struggle, and that warfare should be in the main *defensive*. We should strive day by day to cherish and develop what has already been acquired, rather than look out for new acquisitions. The reader of the *Christian Morals* at once accepts even with alacrity this precept. How little pains do we take to retain what we have learned! Once upon a time we mastered with much difficulty a series of propositions. If we could remember them and keep them in use they would be of service; they would be *property*, and serve all the innumerable educational purposes of property. But we let them go and we fly out after the last new thing, a new thing every week. In our best moments

we discern certain axioms to which if we were wise we should under all circumstances be loyal. When tempted to disobey them we should not argue, but refuse, for they are the conclusions of our sanest and safest condition, and they should not be upset when we are not sane and safe. Objections to the provision of *dogmata* of this kind, as Spinoza calls them, are easy; objections to everything are easy, but Spinoza's advice not to let them go, but to keep them ready for instant use is nevertheless wise, and if we were diligently defensive—nothing more—in securing from capture by the enemy of what we have made our own, we should fulfil, if not the whole of the Law, at least a good part of it. All this Mr. Sewell knows, although perhaps not in the form in which it is put here, nor in these applications. But knowing it, what does he do with it, for what cause does he unsheathe this true Damascus blade? It is the supernatural grace imparted by Baptismal Regeneration which it is the principal duty of the Christian to preserve. 'Heathenism puts its child before the face of a giant, and commands him to master it. Christianity prostrates the giant, and places the child over him with a sword at his neck, and only requires vigilance and confidence to prevent him from moving again.' Very

pleasant if true, but what is the evidence of the miracle? How this is effected, replies Mr. Sewell, 'is another question. The Church 'promises to effect it.' . . . 'When I engage 'by the help of a freezing mixture to change 'water into ice, I do not engage to make it 'visible to a blind man.'

It may be asked why we should trouble ourselves about this sophistry, but there are reasons which may prevent us from considering the time spent upon it as wasted. It is not likely to mislead in the naked form in which it is exhibited here, but when it is carefully clothed it is perilously seductive, and a service of some consequence is rendered if we disrobe it.

Until the truths which a religious system contains be recognized and absorbed, the religion, although it may no longer represent the thought of the time, will stand. Transubstantiation in the Roman Catholic Church continues to be believed because it is an assertion of the possibility of miracle, and is a symbol of the unceasing union between man and God. So also, as Sewell points out, the Catholic Church asserts the great doctrine that religion must be objective, and this doctrine is its strength. We have revolted from it because of its abuses, but it is an eternal fact. A captain

cannot sail in any particular direction by looking at his ship and trying to keep it in a straight line, and genuine religions are not constructed out of notions, nor are they to be purified by getting rid of their personal basis.

Lastly, the book provokes an examination of that virtue which we call sincerity. How far, we say to ourselves continually, is Mr. Sewell sincere? Most people, I am afraid, if they do not belong to his sect, would accuse him of Jesuitism, but it might perhaps turn out on investigation that the reason why they were exempt from his weakness was that they have not been incited by their love for any faith to a struggle for the maintenance of it. His insincerity, so far as it proceeds from an earnest wish to prove what he holds to be true and of the utmost moment, may be a virtue compared with the indifference of his critics. Always, when a man devotes himself to an idea or a cause, does the temptation to dishonest advocacy present itself.

What is the test of insincerity? In gross cases its detection is easy, but who by an unflinching rule shall determine its presence in its most insinuating and dangerous form? It begins with an innocent and virtuous bias. Without some such bias propagandism would be stopped, and even scientific investigation, if

it is not preceded by an idea in favour of which, for the time at least, we are possessed, is arrested. Yet, unless that bias be controlled, it will lead us to destruction, and will corrupt the whole man, just as it did Sewell, who saw at last in the cross the divine pattern of creation; the spinal articulation in the animal and vegetable world prefiguring the death on Mount Calvary. The transition, too, from that necessary and noble partisanship, on behalf of what we love, to an intellectual crime attended with the most damning consequences, is so imperceptible! Devout attention to the faintest indications and instant obedience to them alone will preserve us. When the first hint is neglected, or when we try to compel a well ascertained fact to fit any hypotheses, however plausible they may be, and are forced to wrench it ever so little in the process, the first downward step to perdition has been taken.

A NOTE OR TWO FOR READERS OF WORDSWORTH

A BRIEF account of three scarce pamphlets, and of an unpublished letter from Wordsworth to Lord Lowther, which have lately come into my possession, may be interesting to some of your readers.¹ One of the pamphlets is a poem by John Barlow, 'Teacher of Languages, 'Geography and the Globes', on the loss of the *Earl of Abergavenny*, East Indiaman. It has no date, but was published at Weymouth, most probably in 1805. The *Earl of Abergavenny* was commanded by John Wordsworth, the poet's brother, and he was drowned in her on the 5th February, 1805. She was outward bound, in charge of a pilot, and struck on the Shambles in a gale, a strong westerly tide having taken her out of her course. John Wordsworth was a brave seaman. After the affair between Linois and Captain Dance, when Wordsworth, in the *Abergavenny*, helped to beat off Linois, a purse of 500 guineas and a sword were awarded him. He was greatly beloved by

¹ [This paper appeared in the *Bookman*, June, 1901.]

William and Dorothy. Writing to Sir G. Beaumont on the 20th February, 1805, William says of his brother: 'Of all human beings
'whom I ever knew, he was the man of the
'most rational desires, the most sedate habits,
'and the most perfect self-command. He was
'modest and gentle, and shy even to disease;
'but this was wearing off. . . . His eye for
'the beauties of nature was as fine and delicate
'as ever poet or painter was gifted with, in
'some discriminations, owing to his education
'and way of life, far superior to any person's
'I ever knew.' 'I can turn,' says Dorothy to Mrs. Marshall a month later, 'to no object
'that does not remind me of our loss. I see
'nothing that he would not have loved and
'enjoyed. . . . My consolations rather come
'to me in gusts of feeling than are the quiet
'growth of my mind.'

Mr. Barlow's verse is not much above the level of the metrical contributions to a small provincial paper, and it is not singular that he does not seem to be aware that Captain Wordsworth had a relative who was the author of the *Lyrical Ballads*.

The second pamphlet is 'A Correct Narrative of the loss of the *Earl of Abergavenny*
' . . . by G. A. Burgoyne, Esq., Cornet in the
'8th Regiment of Light Dragoons.' Cornet

Burgoyne was one of the survivors of the wreck, and gives full particulars. There were 402 persons on board, and, according to a nominal list which he prints, 231 were drowned. Professor Knight says, 'Every one 'on board perished' (*Poems of W. W.*, iii. 71). Burgoyne's testimony to the character of John Wordsworth is remarkable. He 'was 'certainly one of the mildest men I ever 'observed, he justly deserved the title of 'Philosopher.' . . . 'I was, at the time the ship 'was sinking, close to the Captain, when 'Mr. Baggot, the chief Mate, came to him 'and said, "Sir, the ship is going down, we "have done every thing to save her." To 'which the Captain answered, "It cannot be "helped."'

The third pamphlet is 'A correct and full 'account of the trial of Mr. John Hatfield, who 'married the Beauty of Buttermere; and who 'was convicted of forgery, at Carlisle Assizes, 'on Monday, August 15, 1803.' Liverpool, no date. De Quincey, with a little embellishment, tells us something of Hatfield's story in his *Recollections of the Lakes and the Lake Poets*, and the Beauty of Buttermere is the subject of a touching episode in *The Prelude*. Hatfield was an adventurous swindler, who suddenly appeared in the Lake country in

1802, and gave himself out to be Colonel Alexander Augustus Hope, the brother of the Earl of Hopetoun. The real Colonel Hope was at that time abroad. Hatfield signed bills of exchange, and franked letters under Colonel Hope's name, and married Mary Robinson, of Buttermere, although he had a wife living. According to the evidence at the trial, he 'conducted himself with 'singular propriety, and always made it a point 'to attend public worship.' In fact, he made friends with Mr. Nicholson, the chaplain of Loweswater, who went with him to Whitehaven to obtain a licence for the marriage. At last he was confronted with a Mr. Hardinge, who knew Colonel Hope. He escaped, but was apprehended, convicted of forgery, and hung. The prosecuting counsel was Mr. Scarlett, afterwards Lord Abinger. Hatfield is described as 'of a handsome and genteel person, 'and his behaviour in court was proper and 'dignified; and he supported his situation, from 'first to last, with unshaken fortitude. He has 'a handsome face, blue eyes, and fair complexion.' He made a speech to the jury, complaining that 'for the space of nine 'months' he had 'been dragged from prison to 'prison, and torn from place to place, subject 'to all the misrepresentations of calumny.'

But he protested that, whatever might be his fate, he would be 'content.' What kind of a nervous organization must this man have had? He asserted he was member for Dumfriesshire; the Earl of Hopetoun was Governor of Edinburgh Castle;¹ Colonel Hope was no stranger to the North of England; and the impostor must have known that he would be detected ere long, and that the penalty was death, but he amused himself with boating and fishing, and visiting the people in the neighbourhood. One of his letters to Mr. Nicholson, written a few days before the meeting with Judge Hardinge, deserves reproduction, at least in part:

Longtown, *Monday Evening, 4th Oct., 1802.*

'VERY DEAR AND REVEREND SIR,—We arrived here Saturday evening, about eight. Went to the Church on Sunday; and Mr. Graham, the brother of Sir James, gave us one of the finest lectures I ever heard.—We attended his evening discourse; at the end of which he addressed me, begging I would not return to my quarters without a light, and his footman stood ready with one. All this hurried my dear Mary a little, but nothing can be more pleasing than the *manner* she at all times possesses.—To-morrow evening we may perhaps proceed further; but Mrs. Hope likes the quietude of this place much, and her wishes are my

¹ [I cannot find that James Hope, then Earl of Hopetoun, ever held that office.]

laws. In the church-yard, we found the following inscription, which I copied on purpose to send you, thinking it may amuse some of our friends. Pray read it to Dr. Head, and present my best respects :—

Our life is but a winter's day ;
Some only breakfast and away ;
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed ;
The oldest man but sups, and goes to bed :
Large is his debt who lingers out the day ;
Who goes the soonest has the least to pay.

. . . I find happiness is not very loquasive [*sic*], so this will be a short letter ; let us have a long one as soon as possible, addressed for Col. Hope, M.P., Post-office, Longtown, Cumberland, and you will greatly oblige,

Very dear and Reverend Sir,
Yours most truly,
A. HOPE.'

Dorothy Wordsworth passed through Carlisle on the day on which Hatfield was condemned, and notes in her *Recollections* :
'I stood at the door of the gaoler's house,
'where he was ; William entered the house,
'and Coleridge saw him ; I fell into conversation with a debtor, who told me in a dry way
'that he [Hatfield] was "far over-learned,"
'and another man observed to William that
'we might learn from Hatfield's fate "not to
'"meddle with pen and ink."' She repassed Carlisle on September 24th, and the entry is :
'Stopped to look at the place on the sand

‘near the bridge where Hatfield had been
‘executed. . . . Everybody spoke of Hatfield
‘as an injured man.’ Wonderful are the sym-
pathies of an English mob!

The letter is from Wordsworth to Lord Lowther, dated 14th February, no year, but internal evidence shows that it must have been 1837. Wordsworth asks whether anything can be done for his youngest son, and then goes on: ‘As to the Civil pension List—under
‘no circumstances would Mrs. Wordsworth,
‘myself, or any of my family, desire such
‘a thing—rather let me say accept it. In fact
‘it would not be necessary.—My Wife and
‘Daughter, in case of my death, would be left
‘in circumstances equal to their *very* moderate
‘wishes.—I have not laid up anything—my
‘literary distinction, such as it is, having
‘involved me in unavoidable expenses, with-
‘out bringing a pecuniary equivalent. I have
‘however insured my life for 2000£ and have
‘not spent my own little patrimony, nor my
‘wife’s—but during the life of Mrs. W. and my
‘Daughter nothing could be spared for my
‘Sons, which makes me so anxious on account
‘of the younger especially.’ Now, in 1837, with the exception of *The Prelude*, a notable exception, it is admitted, almost all the poems on which Wordsworth’s fame rests were before

the world, and the *Lyrical Ballads* were thirty-nine years old ; but the statement in the letter as to the profit the poems brought him is probably correct. The edition of 500 copies in 1820 was not sold for four years. In September, 1833, Wordsworth writes to Kenyon : ' I find by my publisher's account, ' which I received the other day, that the last ' edition of my poems owes us conjointly (my ' share being two thirds) nearly £200. The ' edition was two thousand, of which not quite ' four hundred had been sold last June.' In 1835, Moore records, under an ' I think,' that Wordsworth had not received more than £1,000 for all his poems ; but Moore only ' thinks', and we do not know what the net receipt was. In 1836 Moxon gave £1,000 for the complete edition of that year ; but we are in the dark as to the exact terms. In 1842 Wordsworth believed that Moxon had lost heavily on this edition, and calculated that his poetical work had been paid for at less than two shillings a day.

HOW CAN WE TELL?

SOME months ago was published a *Life of Galileo*, by Mr. Fahie.¹ It throws much light on Galileo, and we find him to be not only a great scientific explorer, but a human being well worth study. Hitherto, to most of us, he has been something of a monstrosity. He has been summed up after the lazy antithetical fashion in which Macaulay and Pope have summed up Bacon, 'wisest, brightest, meanest 'of mankind.' It is agreed that he discovered some curious things, such as the laws of motion and Jupiter's satellites; that he was a person of singular 'ability', as we call it; but we instantly add that before the Inquisition he basely lied and deserted his convictions. He was without the courage of a servant-maid, and is an example set on high for us—a warning, so often, alas! repeated in history, that transcendent genius may be conjoined with moral worthlessness.

Here are three or four facts taken from

¹ *Galileo: His Life and Work*. By J. J. Fahie. John Murray.

Mr. Fahie, without any attempt to connect them. Consistent, in the vulgar sense of the word, they are not, nor are the facts of any living soul consistent; but there is this difference between the inconsistencies which are set in contrast by Macaulay and Pope and those of a genuine biography—that the former are rhetorical impossible fiction, while the latter are flesh and blood.

Galileo was a lover of music, both of its theory and practice, an excellent performer on the lute, and solaced himself therewith when he became blind. His gifts as a draughtsman and a colourist were so considerable that great artists sought his criticism. He read much poetry and had such a memory for it that he could repeat a great part of Petrarch and Ariosto. He was naturally eloquent. 'His exordium before a great audience was magnificent,' says one who heard a lecture from him. 'Let Jupiter stand in the heavens,' he wrote to Kepler, 'and let the sycophants bark at him as they will.' His love was passionate. When his daughter Celeste died he heard her 'constantly calling' him, and fell into a 'profound melancholy.' He inherited an unhappy nervous temperament which gave him no rest. He could not let error lie uncontradicted, and was not satisfied with simple exposition of the

truth. Stupidity he regarded as a personal insult, and it made him draw his sword. His opponents were particularly stupid. They refused to look into his telescope lest they should see things of which Aristotle had made no mention: Jupiter's moons were defects in his instrument, and the Pope objected to his explanation of the tides because it limited God's omnipotence. The hostility he encountered was not only undisguised open battle, it was petty and incessant. He was so tormented by the delays of the ecclesiastical authorities in sanctioning the publication of his *Dialogues* that he fell ill. 'The papers,' he moans in a letter of March 7, 1631, 'have been thrown 'aside into some corner, and my life is wasting 'away, and I am in continual trouble.' He was imprudent in controversy. In 1615, when he was in Rome to answer accusations brought against him of Copernicanism, we hear of him arguing with fifteen or twenty people at a time, laughing them to scorn and leaving them in a 'ridiculous plight.' He was so indiscreet in handling a certain Jesuit Father, Orazio Grassi, that the result was a violent and abusive pamphlet in reply.

He was afflicted with hypochondria, and at times doubted the truth of what he himself had seen. When Saturn's ring became invis-

ble in consequence of its being turned edgewise to the earth and he did not understand why it had vanished, he was in despair. 'Was the appearance,' he asks Welser, 'indeed fraud and illusion, with which the glasses have for so long mocked me and many others who have observed with me? . . . The shortness of time, the unexampled occurrence, the weakness of my intellect, the terror of being mistaken, have greatly confounded me.' Whether it was doubt, sarcasm, or artifice it is difficult to say, but anyhow it is remarkable that before his trial and condemnation we find him protesting: 'I myself do not refuse to call these thoughts of mine chimeras, dreams, paralogisms, and vain imaginations, submitting the whole to the absolute wisdom of my superiors.' Perhaps he did not care in what form his message was presented, whether as romance or fact, provided only that those who were able to understand should be made acquainted with it.

Throughout the whole of his life he was the prey of miserable, sordid cares. Of all men in the world he was the one who ought to have been free from them, but they picked him out as flies will settle on a horse with a sore. His brother, Michelangelo, was extravagant and self-indulgent. He proposed that

his wife should become Galileo's housekeeper and bring some of her seven children with her. He consented to take brother, wife, and the whole family. Accordingly, excepting one daughter, they all quartered themselves in his villa at Bellosguardo. The next thing we hear is that he is worn out and so ill that he thought he was about to die, and had sent for his son. He got better, and Michelangelo expressed his joy because, said he, 'I tremble to think what would have become of poor Chiara [the wife] if you had died!' There is a domestic tragedy in Galileo's history as pathetic as that in any drama of Shakespeare's. His head and heart were with the divine ideas by which the universe is framed, and his feet were everlastingly entangled in tormenting thorns.

Never, perhaps, was there such an ear for a heavenly secret. Here is an account of one of his experiments which has become classical: 'He was scraping a brass plate with an iron chisel, to take out some spots, and moving the tool rapidly upon the plate, he occasionally heard a hissing and whistling sound, and whenever this occurred, and then only, he observed the light dust on the plate to arrange itself in a long row of small parallel streaks equidistant from each other. In

‘repeated experiments he produced different tones by scraping with greater or less velocity, and remarked that the streaks produced by the acute sounds stood closer together than those from the low notes. Among the sounds produced were two, which by comparison with a viol he ascertained to differ by an exact fifth; and measuring the spaces occupied by the streaks in both experiments, he found thirty of the one equal to forty-five of the other, which is exactly the known proportion of the lengths of strings of the same material which sound a fifth to each other.’

Galileo was not a Protestant. What his real convictions on religious matters were we do not know, but in a letter of 1615, quoted at length by Von Gebler in his *Galileo Galilei and the Roman Curia*, he avows that he dreads the aspersion of unorthodoxy worse than death. In his sixty-ninth year he was summoned to Rome to answer before the Inquisition the charge of heresy. This sudden stroke almost stunned him. He cursed the time he had given to science, and, to appease the burning hate of his enemies, he would have liked to destroy everything he had written. Three physicians in Florence certified that his vital powers were affected, that

he suffered from giddiness, hypochondriacal melancholy, weakness of the stomach, sleeplessness, pain, hernia with rupture of the peritoneum, and was unfit to travel; but the Pope was obdurate, and threatened that he should be brought in irons. He was obliged to go, and the proceedings against him lasted about five months. The pestilent doctrine condemned was, as we all know, that the sun is stationary and that the earth moves round it. At first he resolved to defend himself, but his sincere friend Niccolini, the Grand Duke's ambassador, begged him to submit. 'He has 'fallen,' reported Niccolini to Florence, 'into 'the deepest dejection, and since yesterday has 'sunk so low that I am in great concern for his 'life.' At the first sitting of the Inquisitors he sheltered himself under the excuse that in his *Dialogues* he was impartial. They were literally dialogues in which contrary opinions were debated by imaginary disputants and the arguments of Copernicus were shown to be inconclusive. A week before his second examination he was obliged by severe pain to go to bed, and when he was again brought before his judges he confessed that he had intended to teach what he now acknowledged to be error, and he promised to refute it. At another meeting three definite separate ques-

tions were put to him, and he was bidden to speak the truth, otherwise he would be tortured. His reply is singular. 'I do not hold, 'and have not held this opinion of Copernicus 'since the command was given me that I must 'abandon it. For the rest I am here in your 'hands, do with me as you please.' Finally, sentence was pronounced. He was to be imprisoned at pleasure, and for three years once a week he was enjoined to repeat the seven penitential psalms; but, infinitely worse, he was compelled to kneel and sign a solemn abjuration of the 'false opinion' that the sun was the immovable centre of the planetary system, and to declare that in future he would 'believe every article which the Holy Catholic 'and Apostolic Church of Rome holds, teaches, 'and preaches.'

Some time afterwards he wrote to his daughter, 'My name is erased from the book 'of the living.'

Sir David Brewster, in his *Martyrs of Science*, thus comments:

'Human nature is here painted in its darkest colours; and in surveying the melancholy picture, it is difficult to decide whether religion or philosophy has been most degraded. . . . What excuse can we devise for the humiliating confession and abjuration of Galileo? Why did this master-spirit of the age—this high-priest of

the stars—this representative of science—this hoary sage, whose career of glory was near its consummation—why did he reject the crown of martyrdom which he had himself coveted, and which, plaited with immortal laurels, was about to descend upon his head? If, instead of disavowing the laws of Nature, and surrendering in his own person the intellectual dignity of his species, he had boldly asserted the truth of his opinions, and confided his character to posterity, and his cause to an all-ruling Providence, he would have strung up the hair-suspended sabre, and disarmed for ever the hostility which threatened to overwhelm him.[?] The philosopher, however, was supported only by philosophy; and in the love of truth he found a miserable substitute for the hopes of the martyr.'

Wonderful nouns, adjectives, and verbs! although a little obscure, as we are apt to be when we try to 'write fine,' and mere empty nothingness so far as the reality called Galileo is concerned.

Why must we give any verdict? How can we? The jury at an assizes, who have to determine the comparatively simple question whether the prisoner before them is guilty of a theft, are assisted by rigid interrogation of witnesses and by an experienced judge. Not without minutest investigation do they venture on a decision. But the task of penetrating a Galileo, of understanding the meaning of what he did, of balancing the unknown and contradictory forces in him, is infinitely more

intricate than that imposed on judge and jury in a criminal court. Who can tell what he thought, felt, and feared? Who can put himself in the place of this solitary old man, broken down with misfortune and disease, and perhaps self-distrusting? Scales, with a box of brass weights—pounds, ounces, and penny-weights—are useful, but for a Galileo we have no scales or weights. Our cheap and easy condemnation is not only baseless and unnecessary, but pernicious, for it prevents the appreciation of the gift which has been presented to us. Once in a century, or perhaps half a dozen centuries, there is sent to us a divine creature, seer and interpreter, to whom the world is transparent, and we busy ourselves immediately with the failings of the humanity in which he is incarnated. Our proper attitude ought to be that of such thankfulness, such interest in what he has to tell us, that defects are shut out.

DR. JOHNSON'S CRITICISM ON
'SAMSON AGONISTES.'

SAMSON AGONISTES would be of no value to us if it were not human, and it is as purely human as any of Sophocles' or Shakespeare's tragedies. It is also as complete a tragedy as *Antigone* or *Hamlet*. Johnson inquires whether *Samson* conforms to the Aristotelian rule that a tragedy 'should have a beginning, 'a middle, and an end. "The beginning," 'says he, "is that which hath nothing necessarily previous, but to which that which follows is naturally consequent; the end, "on the contrary, is that which by necessity, "or at least, according to the common course "of things, succeeds something else, but which "implies nothing consequent to itself; the "middle is connected on one side to something that naturally goes before, and on "the other to something that naturally follows "it."' Johnson affirms that according to this rule *Samson* is defective, for it has a beginning and an end, but no middle, and the whole drama, if its superfluities were cut off, would

scarcely fill a single Act. All that intervenes between Samson's speech beginning :

‘Spare that proposal, father ; spare the trouble.’
l. 487.

and the entrance of the officer summoning the prisoner to make sport for the Philistines (l. 1308), including the dialogue with Dalila and Harapha, is unnecessary so far as the action is concerned.

Whether this judgement is just depends upon the discovery of the true theme of the poem, and it is respectfully submitted that Johnson has missed it.

This theme, on which Milton lays astonishing stress, is the use by a Divine Being of Samson as a mere instrument, and the passages considered redundant are essential for Milton's purpose. Samson is struck down into despair :

. . . . ‘Nature within me seems
In all her functions weary of herself ;
My race of glory run, and race of shame,
And I shall shortly be with them that rest.’
ll. 595-8.

He is racked, not only in body but in mind :

‘Thoughts, my tormentors, armed with deadly
stings,
Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise
Dire inflammation, which no cooling herb

Or medicinal liquor can assuage,
 Nor breath of vernal air from snowy Alp.
 Sleep hath forsook and given me o'er
 To death's benumbing opium as my only cure ;
 Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,
 And sense of Heaven's desertion.'—ll. 623-32.

He is humiliated by the intolerable recollection of his folly. God should not have given him strength without wisdom. The echo of the Chorus is an appeal or indictment which cannot be matched except in the complaint of Job :

'God of our fathers ! what is Man,
 That thou towards him with hand so various—
 Or might I say contrarious?—
 Temper'st thy providence through his short course:
 Not evenly, as thou rul'st
 The angelic orders, and inferior creatures mute
 Irrational and brute?
 Nor do I name of men the common rout,
 That, wandering loose about,
 Grow up and perish as the summer fly,
 Heads without name, no more remembered ;
 But such as thou hast solemnly elected,
 With gifts and graces eminently adorned,
 To some great work, thy glory,
 And people's safety, which in part they effect.
 Yet toward these, thus dignified, thou oft,
 Amidst their highth of noon,
 Changest thy countenance and thy hand, with no
 regard
 Of highest favours past
 From thee on them, or them to thee of service.

Nor only dost degrade them, or remit
To life obscured, which were a fair dismissal,
But throw'st them lower than thou didst exalt
them high——
Unseemly falls in human eye,
Too grievous for the trespass or omission.’

ll. 667-91.

In his treatment of the Biblical story as it becomes explicit in the Chorus, Milton is a universal poet belonging to no sect or time. The *Samson* moves us by its description of blindness and loneliness, by its sorrow over defeated promise and expectation, but the presiding conception is of God inscrutable, scourging, maddening, driving to despair and slaying, for no crimes which they have committed, the noblest of His children. This conception Milton did not owe to Calvinism. The *Samson Agonistes* is no more Calvinistic than the *Prometheus Bound*, and we may by the way deny that Calvinism as a detached system of theology is answerable for anything that is essential in the *Paradise Lost* or *Paradise Regained*, nor is the essence of them a fancy derived from the poet's brain. Ruskin¹ in his most unguarded moments has never said anything more extravagantly perverse than in *Sesame and Lilies* (Part III), ‘The rest

¹ [See Preface.]

'of his poem [Milton's *Paradise Lost*] is a
 'picturesque drama, in which every artifice of
 'invention is visibly and consciously employed;
 'not a single fact being, for an instant, con-
 'ceived as tenable by any living faith.' 'On
 'the contrary,' justly observes Mr. Mark Pattison, 'we shall not rightly apprehend either
 'the poetry or the character of the poet until
 'we feel that throughout *Paradise Lost*, as in
 '*Paradise Regained* and *Samson*, Milton felt
 'himself to be standing on the sure ground of
 'fact and reality. It was not in Milton's nature
 'to be a showman, parading before an audience
 'a phantasmagoria of spirits, which he himself
 'knew to be puppets tricked up for the enter-
 'tainment of an idle hour.'

The scene with Dalila (ll. 732-996) serves to show what kind of a woman it was whom God had permitted to enslave Samson. She reminds him of his weakness, the most bitter of his punishments :

'Was it not weakness also to make known
 For importunity, that is for naught,
 Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety?'
 ll. 778-80.

and she makes it an excuse for her own, giving Milton an opportunity for that truly Miltonic declaration 'all wickedness is weakness.'

Neither is the visit of Harapha an excrescence. Through Samson’s defiance of him it leads directly to the summons to the theatre. Milton was a scholar and knew the importance and sacredness of the hair in ancient legends as a symbol of strength, but he gives a turn to the Biblical tradition when he makes Samson feeble, not so much from the loss of the hair itself as from his failure to keep the vow of which the preservation of the hair was the outward sign :

‘ I know no spells, use no forbidden arts ;
My trust is in the Living God, who gave me,
At my nativity, this strength, diffused
No less through all my sinews, joints, and bones,
Than thine, while I preserved these locks unshorn,
The pledge of my unviolated vow.’—ll. 1139-44.

Harapha, let it be noticed, as a Philistine, derides the story of the hair. He also charges Samson with being a robber and murderer because his warfare has not been legitimate. There has been no declaration of hostilities ; he has not served under a general properly commissioned, and Milton through Samson speaks the heroic lines :

. ‘force with force
Is well ejected when the conquered can.
But I, a private person, whom my country
As a league-breaker gave up bound, presumed
Single rebellion, and did hostile acts !

I was no private, but a person raised,
 With strength sufficient, and command from
 Heaven,

To free my country. If their servile minds
 Me, their deliverer sent, would not receive,
 But to their masters gave me up for naught,
 'The unworthier they; whence to this day they
 serve.

I was to do my part from Heaven assigned,
 And had performed it if my known offence
 Had not disabled me, not all your force.'

ll. 1206-19.

Milton's faith was firm, and notwithstanding
 his own troubles and the dark outlook for
 liberty and true religion, he was compelled to
 conclude :

'All is best, though we oft doubt,
 What the unsearchable dispose
 Of Highest Wisdom brings about,
 And ever best found in the close.
 Oft He seems to hide his face,
 But unexpectedly returns.'

Nevertheless it is a kind of stubborn antique
 stoicism which supports him rather than the
 heavenly vision of the saint. The theme of
 the *Samson*, as we have said, is the use of the
 hero as an instrument. He does not see but
 he endures. He is :

. 'his own deliverer,
 And victor over all
 That tyranny or fortune can inflict.'—ll. 1289-91.

There shall be no lamenting over him ; it would be a token of defeat :

‘ Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast ; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame ; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
Let us go find the body where it lies
Soaked in his enemies’ blood, and from the stream
With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off
The clotted gore.’—ll. 1721-8.

The reader will perhaps notice the transition to these last four lines.

JACOB

THE seeming contradictions in the characters of the Old Testament heroes are evidence of an historical basis. No poet has ventured to include such opposites in one person. Homer's *Ulysses* and Shakespeare's *Richard II* are more consistent. But we ourselves are in no way consistent. We are composites of furious lusts, religious awe, generosity, meanness, courage, cowardice, and although doubtless there is a centre somewhere from which all these divergent qualities radiate, it is far beyond our ken. David, the noble youth who was loved by Jonathan as his own soul, who unaided slew the Philistine, who delighted also in poetry and music, descends to almost incredible treachery with Uriah, so bad that the worst is but hinted. The moralizing critic will assert that there is absolute incompatibility between great qualities and such scoundrelism, and that any virtue, courage alone for example, would have prevented it. But let us look honestly into our own hearts and we shall report that the story may be

true. We are not what David was, because we are not despotic kings.

Jacob is perhaps the most striking example in the Old Testament of superficial improbability. He was a plain or quiet man, a dweller in tents where he cut up pottage, and he bought his brother's birthright at a price much below what it was worth. He personated Esau and told his father three hideous lies. There is no record that he ever repented of them. We might excusably say that his vice was completely damning. A man may be a drunkard or a murderer, and there may nevertheless be compensation, but if he be a huckstering mendacious thief surely there is none. Nevertheless, on his journey to Haran for a wife from his own kindred, Jacob saw angels from God ascending and descending, and he is cited in the Epistle to the Hebrews as an example of that rare and precious gift, constancy to divine visions. He served seven years for Rachel, which were to him 'but a few days, for the love he had to 'her.' He was deceived by Laban and served another seven years for her. He had a favourite son Joseph at whose supposed death he refused to be comforted, saying, 'I will go down to 'the grave to my son mourning.' When the brothers went to Egypt he would not part

with Benjamin. Joseph and Benjamin were the children of his beloved Rachel, now dead. 'If mischief befall him by the way in the which ye go, then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave,' and not until there is danger of starvation did he consent. He heard that Joseph was alive: 'it is enough; Joseph my son is yet alive: I will go and see him before I die.' He met his son—'Now let me die, since I have seen thy face.' When his end drew nigh he called Joseph to him, and made him swear that he would bury him with his fathers. Twice the promise had to be repeated—'bury me with my fathers in the cave that is in the field of Ephron the Hittite, in the cave that is in the field of Machpelah, which is before Mamre, in the land of Canaan, which Abraham bought with the field from Ephron the Hittite for a possession of a buryingplace: there they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife; *and there I buried Leah*', the wife who had been neglected. Rachel, his beloved Rachel, Joseph's mother, ah! 'when I came from Paddan, Rachel died by me in the land of Canaan in the way, when there was still some way to come unto Ephrath: and I buried her there in the way to Ephrath.' She could

not lie in Machpelah field, but there is a pillar on her grave. The man is full of natural piety.

The line joining all these points is in truth no circle. What shall we say? Nothing! Let us love and revere where we can, and be humble in our judgements of our fellow mortals.

PETER BULKLEY

ODELL, originally called Wadehelle, Wahul or Woodhill, lies on the north bank of the Ouse, eight miles or thereabouts north-west of Bedford, just where that reluctant river seems to be reasonable for a moment and to reflect that now and then, at least, it ought to turn eastwards to its home in the German Ocean. The little village, which is purely agricultural, possesses a Perpendicular church, and some remains of an ancient castle, formerly occupied by the Wahul family. There is nothing in the landscape to attract the hunter after the picturesque, but to some persons, perhaps, a week at Odell, with its quietude, with the outlook along the Ouse towards Harrold, and the low hills behind it, would be preferred to a celebrated view and a big hotel. A few miles beyond Harrold are Olney and the Cowper country.

In Odell was born on the 31st January, 1582 (old style), Peter Bulkley, son of Edward Bulkley, rector. The Bulklys or Bulkleys were an ancient family, originally lords of the manor of Bulkly, in Cheshire; and a certain William Bulkly, brother of one of Edward

Bulkley's forefathers, was the ancestor of the extinct Viscounts and Barons Bulkly. Peter Bulkley went to St. John's College, Cambridge, became a Fellow, and succeeded his father as rector of Odell in 1620. At the same time he also inherited a considerable estate. During the fourteen years which followed, he was undisturbed, although his tendencies were strongly Puritan. The parish numbered about 300 souls; and as we must assume that the sermons which the rector preached to his flock were something, at any rate, like those he afterwards published, we are forced to conclude that the Odell farmers were distinguished by a singular depth of experience, and were capable of following an argument which, in the present day, would be over the heads of any congregation in London. Religion being a serious matter to those who listened, the intellect of Dr. Bulkley's hearers under a sermon was, perhaps, active to an extent which, to us, appears almost impossible.

During fourteen years, we say, Bulkley was unmolested, but in 1633 the 'Declaration of Sports' was republished, and on the 27th August, 1634, there is a significant entry in the parish registers—'The ArchBishops Visitation.' It is not likely that Laud himself went

to Odell; he was probably represented by his Vicar-General, Sir Nathanael Brent. What immediately followed we do not know, but we do know that in less than a twelvemonth Bulkley sold his property and went to America. He would have been stopped if he had been discovered, and in order to deceive the Government spies, his wife embarked on another vessel, and the names of three of his sons, who also emigrated with him, were entered at intervals on the ship's papers in such a way that it was difficult to trace and connect them.

After a short stay at Cambridge, in Massachusetts, Bulkley and a small number of planters moved upwards into the woods, founded the town of Concord, and established a church, of which he became the minister. There he lived for over twenty years, dying on the 9th of March, 1658 (old style). The notices of him are meagre, but we are told that he was strong-willed, irritable under pain, and not submissive in dispute. He had a quarrel with one of his ruling elders, who was obliged to resign. 'By this affair,' Bulkley said, 'I came to know more of God, more of myself, and more of men.'

The Hutchinsonian controversy at that time raged in the colony. Anne Hutchinson was an antinomian, who maintained that those

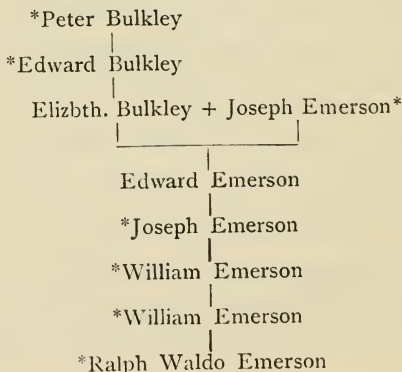
who were under the covenant of grace were freed from the covenant of works. In 1643 she and her children were murdered by Indians, and Bulkley, who detested her doctrine, describes her as 'that wretched *Jezabell* whom the Devill sent over hither 'to poyson these *American* Churches.' Her 'glorious revelations,' he tells his Concord flock, after her death, 'shee knowes now . . . 'were but Satanicall delusions: Let her 'damned heresies shee fell into, (denying the 'resurrection, &c.) and the just vengeance of 'God, by which shee perished, terrifie all her 'seduced followers.' It is but fair to Bulkley to say that Anne Hutchinson's creed was not mere 'opinion', but had very awkward practical results.

One other fact, completing almost all we know of the man apart from his works, is worth recording. After his servants had lived with him some years it was his custom to dismiss them, but a piece of land was given them for a farm, and other servants were taken in their places.

A copy of Bulkley's remarkable will is to be found in the tenth volume of the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register*. Amongst other provisions it bequeaths: 'To my Lord Oliver St. John, Lord 'Cheif Justice of the Common pleas, my great

'English Bible in folio which hath the letters
'of his name (O & G.) upon the cover of it;
'intreating him to accept this small token of
'my due love which I owe unto him, and as
'a testimony of my thankfull acknowledge-
'ment, of his kindness and bounty towards
'me, his liberality, having been a great help
'& support unto me in these my later times,
'& many Straytes.' Mrs. Bulkley was left
sole executrix, but friends were named who
were to advise her, and she was directed if any
of the children 'should prove disobedient' to
her 'or otherwise vitious,' to withdraw their
legacies if she saw fit and keep them for her
own use.

It was from this Calvinist doctor that
Ralph Waldo Emerson was descended. His
genealogy is at follows :



Those marked * were preachers, and Peter Bulkley's father, Edward, was also a preacher. Edward Emerson, although not a preacher, was a deacon.

Bulkley wrote one book, and one only—
'The Gospel-Covenant: or The Covenant of
'Grace opened. Wherein are explained; (1)
'*The differences betwixt the Covenant of grace*
'*and Covenant of workes.* (2) *The different*
'*administration of the Covenant before and*
'*since Christ.* (3) *The benefits and blessings*
'*of it.* (4) *The Condition.* (5) *The properties*
'*of it.*' It is a series of sermons preached at
Concord, and it is dedicated to the 'Right
'Honorable Oliver St. John, Lord Ambassador
'Extraordinary from the Parliament of the
'Common Wealth of *England*, to the High
'and Mighty Lords the States Generall of the
'united Provinces in the *Netherlands*, and
'Lord Chiefe Justice of the Common Pleas.'
The printer and publisher was that same
Matthew Simmons, 'dwelling in *Aldersgate-*
'street next doore to the *Golden Lyon*,' who
had just printed and published the *Divorce*
Treatises, and *Eikonoclastes* for Milton, and
he was probably the father or near relative
of the Samuel Simmons who, sixteen years
later, living at the same shop, made the famous
contract with Milton for the publication of
Paradise Lost.

The *Gospel Covenant* is a good specimen of Puritan divinity. It is very learned. We encounter quotations in Latin and Greek, appeals to the Fathers, to Sculaetus, Paraeus, Junius, Latomus, Musculus, and other abstruse authors; we find that we are in contact with a masculine, powerful intellect, which, if it had used Nature as it used the Bible, would have been eminent in discovery, an intellect on a level with the best secular intellects of that day, and we wonder at that perfect Jacobean style, here in the country parson as well as in Bacon, an art of expression lost, alas, for ever. The meaning of the *Gospel Covenant* as a whole, however, is not to the nineteenth century the meaning of the world nor of the Bible. Its theory is that there is a God, who, for His own inscrutable reasons, determines to save some few people eternally and to doom others to eternal punishments. 'It was so, 'because it so pleased him, *Matth.* 11. It was 'his good will to reveale it [His Covenant] to 'any.' The Jews became the people of God, 'not for any thing which the Lord saw in them 'more then in other people, but it pleaseth 'the Lord, it was his good pleasure to chuse 'them, and to make them his people.' . . . 'No reason therefore in us, why one is taken 'into Covenant, and not another, but onely

‘free grace in God; for if it be not free grace
‘towards them that are taken in, then there is
‘injustice and wrong done to those that are
‘left: If there were any worth in those that
‘are taken, there was as much in those that
‘are left, and therefore either it must be free
‘grace towards the one, or there is injustice
‘and wrong towards the other; But what
‘blasphemous mouth dare impute unrighteous-
‘nesse and wrong to the righteous God? he
‘owes nothing to any; he may truly say to all
‘men, *I do thee no wrong, Mat. 20. 13.*
‘Thou hast as much as I owe thee.’ With the
elect God enters into a covenant, and we are
to observe how He honours them thereby.
‘He puts a kinde of royalty and dignity upon
‘them, when it shall be seen they are a people
‘in covenant with the most high God.’ The
contract is that they shall be pardoned and
taken to heaven if they will have faith in
Christ as a Mediator, and will seal their faith
by a holy life. On this latter point, Bulkley,
with an eye to Mrs. Anne Hutchinson and her
mad pranks, is emphatic. ‘The Devill’ has
‘interlined . . . the Covenant of God’ with
that damnable doctrine that we may be saved
and yet live in our sins. The elect who
preceded Christ were, in reality, redeemed
through Him, for the whole Mosaic religion

was an elaborate system of types prefiguring Him ; His mediatorship was typed by Moses ; His priesthood by Melchisedek and Aaron ; His sacrifice by their sacrifices ; and when Joseph took an oath of his brethren that they should carry his bones with them, he testified by the act his faith in eternal life, for Canaan was the type of Heaven. Christ's blood 'did not onely confirme the new Testament, 'but did take away the sins that were committed under the old.' The eternal Covenant with Christ is indicated in the twenty-ninth chapter of Deuteronomy by the use of the words 'this day' in speaking of another covenant made by Jehovah with the Israelites. It is impossible that 'those that are Adopted, 'sanctified, and planted into Christ,' should ever 'fall away.' The Arminian and Papist delusion that they can relapse is 'injurious unto 'God, and uncomfortable unto the Saints,' and, in answer to the obvious objection, which he by no means shirks, that a belief in Final Perseverance lulls us into carelessness, Bulkley affirms that it does nothing of the kind, but that 'it doth indeed breed an holy security.' He has before him a dogma which necessarily follows from his conception of God and an apparently equally inevitable although heretical consequence ; he adheres to the former and denies the latter.

Although passages from all parts of the Bible are treated as if they were the various positions of a comet from which its orbit could be calculated, yet when a text goes against already established conclusions a violent and, one would have thought, a dangerous wrench is given to it. Jehovah, in the thirty-second chapter of Exodus, vows that He will blot those who have sinned out of His book—‘not,’ says Bulkley, ‘that those which are written in it, ‘are ever indeed blotted out; but because some ‘which seemed to have their names written ‘therein, are at length declared and made ‘manifest that they never were of those that ‘were written there.’ Seemed! What would Dr. Bulkley have said of an Arminian gloss with such a licence?

If we have patience and come close to the *Gospel Covenant*, we shall find that it is a genuine religion, and an attempt, as all real religions at bottom are, to make the universe and its ways by some means intelligible. Peter Bulkley and his friends at Odell and in the Concord woods, facing this extraordinary and contradictory world, clearly saw that it was their duty to provide themselves with an interpretation of it, and that without some interpretation they could not live. They could not remain mere spectators of a stream

of events, careless what the purport of them might be, and, what was of still greater consequence, they determined that the meaning must be in accord with certain axioms revealed in their own souls. These axioms were indisputable, judged by the severest tests, and as it could not be believed that their Author was other than the Author of the earth and the stars, there must be an explanation of apparent discord. The reconciliation provided by the *Gospel Covenant* may not be ours, but the important point is that it assumes that a reconciliation should and could be obtained. So strong is Bulkley's faith that, rather than yield, he will deny the evidence of his senses. 'Only believe,' he says, 'and be obedient to his word, & then let not our hearts be troubled nor feare, the Lord will rather make the Rocks to flow forth with honey, and the clouds to drop down milk, and the graffe of the wilderneffe to become as vwool to provide us cloathing, rather then vve fhall vwant those things which vvee stand in need of.' This may be called mere raving, but Bulkley's *method* was not madness. Nowadays we have no antecedent *must*. We do not understand the position of men who can obstinately attribute Divine authority to principles which are not in accord with experience and who

continue to adhere to them although facts may thunder contradiction. Yet it is true, no matter how often we may be mistaken in our interpretations, that unless we believe in principles and their supremacy we are lost.

Not infrequently we find that this preacher, with his firstly, secondly, and thirdly, is a translator of the deepest experiences. He knows, for instance, that what really pours light and warmth into us is a light behind the light of the sun and a heat underneath its heat. 'The Sun shineth in the firmament, but we want 'the heat of it, the warmth and quickning 'power of it is withheld, to let us see that 'it is not the Sun, but the Lord, by which we 'doe enjoy the blessing.' This is the source of all delight. 'The things of the world can 'helpe but against some one thing.' *'It's Gods prerogative alone to be an universall good.'* We are strong with a strength greater than ourselves, for 'God giveth himselfe to be 'wholly ours, all his glory, power, wisedome, 'goodnesse, grace, holinesse, mercy, kindnesse, 'all is ours, for the good of his people that are 'in covenant with him. *Quantus quantus est,* 'he is all ours.' The following passage is not altogether unintelligible: 'See hence the 'ground of that which sometimes seems marvelous in our eyes; we see men of different

‘abilities, some simple, weak, and despised,
‘others indued with eminent gifts, and excel-
‘lent parts; yet those that so excell, many
‘times fade, and fall away; their graces
‘wither, their light is extinct, and they goe
‘out like the smoke of a Candle, with an ill
‘favour; whereas the weake and simple ones
‘are upholden, and go from strength to
‘strength, and increase with the increasings of
‘God. The reason hereof is, because the one
‘sort viewing themselves in their owne excel-
‘lencies in the glasse of their own conceit, they
‘trust in themselves, and in their own strength,
‘and do not commit their souls to God to be
‘kept by him, and so are left unto themselves.
‘And then at length, meeting with some
‘temptation, which is stronger then they, their
‘confidence and their strength fails them, and
‘so they fall, and being left unto themselves,
‘they are never able to rise any more; whereas
‘the other being sensible of their owne infirmity,
‘and casting themselves on the power of God
‘to be kept thereby, they are hereby preserved,
‘and upholden against all the powers of dark-
‘nesse which are against them; so that either
‘they fall not; or if they do fall, yet they rise
‘again.’

The preacher mourns that there are ‘so
‘many by-thoughts, such hypocrisie’ in our

‘best actions,’ but ‘Gods acceptation . . . begins
‘with the person,’ not ‘with the worke,’ which
is true enough. ‘When God hath cast favour
‘upon the person, then he accepts weake ser-
‘vices from him. A cup of cold water is better
‘accepted from such an one, then a thousand
‘rivers of oyle from another hand.’ As for
those not accepted, ‘all that they had done ;
‘was but as if they had brought a carrion for
‘sacrifice, or had offered Swines blood before
‘the Lord.’

The beliefs of this man are not such as come
to the surface in us when we are in literary
society, or in a club smoking-room, or at an
‘at home.’ They are laboriously *mined* in
darkness, smelted in fire, and held as a precious
possession. He curiously anticipates his illus-
trious descendant’s *Good-bye* in a passage on
the necessity of solitude. ‘So great an affair
‘as the life and salvation of our soule, cannot
‘be transacted in a tumult, Therefore . . .
‘Faith takes the soule aside, and carries it into
‘some solitary place ; that there it may be alone
‘with it selfe, and with God, with whom it
‘hath to doe. This businesse, and multitude
‘of other occasions, cannot be done together,
‘and therefore the soule must be alone, that it
‘may the more fully commune with it selfe,
‘and utter it selfe fully before the Lord. . . .

‘ When the Lord will come to the foule, and
‘ draw it into communion with himfelfe ; he
‘ will have his way hereto prepared in the
‘ Defert ; not in the throng of a City, but in
‘ a folitary Defart place, he will allure us, and
‘ draw us into the wilderneffe, from the com-
‘ pany of men, when he will fpeak to our
‘ heart, and when he prepares our heart to
‘ fpeake unto him.’

The creed of the *Gospel Covenant* is too near us at present for proper estimation, but when it becomes remote, it will perhaps be admitted to be better worth study than the mythology even of Greece or India.

UNACCOUNTABLE

IN 1818 there lived in my grandfather's village an ill-looking fellow named Jack Harrop. He worked on my grandfather's farm, but he was also a poacher. He had two friends who lived in the market-town about three miles away. Harrop, of course, knew my grandfather's ways, and that, although all large sums received on market-day were deposited in the bank, it was his custom to bring home once a month some ten or fifteen pounds for immediate wants. Harrop endured his acquaintance with this fact for years, until one November when he was discharged for repeated drunkenness. He then, partly from revenge, and partly from want of money, agreed with his two companions after much negotiation that my grandfather should be relieved of his canvas bag near Sharlington Copse, at the gate at the end of the long lane which led to his house. This gate was always fastened, and persons on horseback or in gigs were obliged to descend and unfasten it. It was arranged that Harrop should start from the

village, and his comrades from the town, as it was better they should not all three be seen together. The hour was to be six in the evening. Fortunately, they forgot the moon was nearly full. It so happened that Harrop was detained for a few minutes. He was fool enough not to resist his passion for a drink, and he was forced to take a rather circuitous route in order to escape observation by a man who came out of the public-house at the same time. About half a mile from the copse he stopped, and heard distinctly the well-known sound of my grandfather's gig. He hurried on, but when he was within a hundred yards of the gate he saw that the attack had begun. What sudden impulse was this that seized him? He rushed through those hundred yards like lightning, and found the farmer on the ground. With a stroke of his cudgel Jack disabled the arm of one of the thieves, and he then broke the head of the second, but could not prevent the capture of the canvas bag. They were both dumbfounded, and fled just as the tramp of heavy footsteps was heard on the road. Jack saw his danger, and ran back to his own house. The wounded man, not a minute afterwards, was found by one of his shepherds, and was carried home. He was not seriously hurt, and soon recovered. Jack

and his mates were arrested and my grandfather swore to the two who knocked him down, but he was dazed when Jack arrived and could not swear to him. Moreover, Jack came in a different direction and the moon was at his back. One of the actual assailants turned King's evidence against his colleagues¹ and against Jack. The case against Jack was strong. He was seen leaving the public-house at half-past five. The shepherd also saw him, and although he was unable to identify him, he was recognized when he was returning. The canvas bag—and this was in his favour—was picked up on the road to the town, and no money was found on him. The jury gave him the benefit of the doubt, and he was acquitted, but one of the others was hung. What became of the third I do not remember. Although Jack escaped, everybody believed him to be an accomplice, and he was universally shunned. He left the village and betook himself to Northampton, where he became what is called a beamsman (I think I have the word right) in a tanyard there. All day long he bent over a kind of wooden horse and scraped the hair and grease off the hides which had been limed. It was not an occupation which encouraged loquacity, and Jack,

¹ [colleague ?.]

before he took to it, had grown very taciturn and was a teetotaller. His history gradually became no secret, and he was left pretty much to himself. He once proposed marriage to the daughter of a currier, but she refused him, and he never made another offer, but lived in a little three-roomed cottage which he shut up when he went out in the morning. It had a good-sized garden, of which he seemed to be very fond. When he was about sixty he was laid up with rheumatism, brought on by nearly forty years stooping in the damp beam-house. He asked for no help, but an old woman who lived next door came in for a couple of hours daily and looked after him.

People set down his change to sudden dread of a felon's death, and much reflection afterwards on his narrow escape, but my father, who was a silent, meditative man, thought differently. He called at the tanyard one day about some bark and strolled into the beam-house. 'Jack,' said he, 'what happened to you in the lane?' Jack stopped, stood up, but immediately fell to scraping again, and no word could be got out of him. Long after his death, my father told me the tale which I have told you; part of it came from the old woman. My mother stuck to the common explanation. My aunt, a secular old body,

declared she did not care two straws what turned Jack. 'As long as the man became 'a decent creature it did not matter how the 'thing was done.' My father did not agree with my mother, neither did he agree with my aunt.

A MONUMENT TO JOAN OF ARC

SOME time ago it was suggested that a monument should be erected in this country to the memory of Joan of Arc, but nothing more has been heard of it. It is a pity that the project should fail. A great injustice was done, and there is no reason why a nation should not act as any honourable man would act and confess its sins. It would be good if amongst the innumerable inscriptions in public places to our own self-glorification there should be one or two here and there contritely acknowledging our crimes. We were Joan's murderers, for the French court before which she appeared was created and controlled by the English faction, and the murder was specially atrocious. It is horrible that not a single member of a court consisting of a bishop and forty-two assessors could recognize the divinity in their prisoner's face; but inability to discern divinity, luminous as the unclouded sun, has always been common, and is common now. The peculiar atrocity in Joan's case was that her judges lied infamously and put on record against her a recantation which she never

made. On these points, however, it is unnecessary to enlarge after the labours of Quicherat,¹ Douglas Murray, O'Hagan, and Wyndham. There are other reasons for homage, to me at least, which are of irresistible weight. Particular pains were taken by the court to force her to admit a doubt as to the authority of the voices. If she could be induced by any means, torture amongst others, to confess that they might be from the devil, the English need not be ashamed of their defeats, and the cause of Charles VII was successful by the aid of hell; not only so; to her ecclesiastical prosecutors the notion that a word could be spoken to the soul save through the Church was abominable; doubly abominable was it that a word should be spoken to a woman, and a woman unlettered. 'This people that knoweth not the law is 'cursed.' 'She hath consulted,' says one of the articles of her indictment, 'neither Bishop, 'Priest, nor Prelate, nor any ecclesiastical 'person whatsoever, to know whether she 'ought to have faith in such spirits.' She had no counsel, the trial lasted for four months;

¹ *Procès de Condamnation et de Réhabilitation de Jeanne d'Arc*: Par Jules Quicherat. *Jeanne d'Arc*: T. Douglas Murray. *Joan of Arc*: John O'Hagan. *The Maid of Orleans*: The Rev. F. M. Wyndham.

for four months this girl, not yet twenty, not mad but singularly sane, although delicately sensitive, stood alone, inflexible in her refusal to deny that her inspiration was divine. She declared herself Catholic, and then, of course, she was asked why she did not defer to the judgement of the Church. Her answer was that she would defer to it provided it did not command anything impossible, and that it was not possible that her visions and revelations should not be from God: 'This, I will not declare for anything in the world.' Another answer was, 'There are books of our Lord besides what you have.' She was told that she stood before the representatives of the Church Militant, which could not err, being ruled by the Holy Spirit. 'I came,' she replied, 'to the King of France from God, from the Blessed Virgin Mary, from all the Saints of Paradise, and the Church Victorious above, and by their command. To this Church I submit all my good deeds, all that I have done or will do.' This is perhaps the noblest form of the reply which in all ages has been given by witnesses for the truth. She repeated it in prison to her judges after they had sought for more than three months to entrap and to terrify her: 'That which God hath made me do, hath commanded or shall command,

‘I will not fail to do for any man alive. It
 ‘would be impossible for me to revoke it.
 ‘And in case the Church should wish me to
 ‘do anything contrary to the command which
 ‘has been given me of God, I will not consent
 ‘to it, whatever it may be.’ ‘How do you
 ‘know,’ the Bishop of Beauvais might have
 asked, and in fact did ask, ‘that the command
 ‘is from Heaven?’ There is no logical test of
 the authenticity of such a message, none what-
 ever but its own credentials, and yet if we
 dispute it, and, like the Pharisees and Cauchon,
 attribute it to Beelzebub, we are guilty of that
 blasphemy against the Spirit which shall not
 be forgiven.

Witnesses who were examined by the judges
 after the execution swore that Joan acknow-
 ledged she had been deluded, but no reliance
 can be placed on these depositions. It was
 a matter of life and death to Cauchon and the
 English that she should be condemned out of
 her own mouth. Ladvenu, her confessor, who
 tells the Bishop that she knew she had been
 betrayed by the voices, testifies, at the inquiry
 five-and-twenty years later into the legality
 and justice of the sentence, that ‘up to the
 ‘end of her life she maintained and asserted
 ‘that her Voices came from God, and that
 ‘what she had done had been by God’s com-

‘mand. She did not believe that her Voices ‘had deceived her : the revelations which she ‘had received had come from God.’ But if she hesitated, and if the recantation were not a demonstrable falsehood, how much has been proved? Nothing more than that entangling cross-examination, imprisonment, utter loneliness, and brutality can break down a woman. On that afternoon when the cry went forth *Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani*, there were at the foot of the cross those who loved Him, but Joan was solitary. It is the boast of the English nation that it will not prostrate itself before Church or Pope, that it takes its stand upon Luther’s *Hier stehe ich, ich kann nicht anders, Gott helfe mir. Amen.* It is peculiarly fitting, therefore, that it should honour the heroine who nearly two hundred years earlier, abandoned by those whom she came to save, anticipated Luther’s defiance.

The God of Battles is usually claimed as an ally by the conquerors in the most iniquitous wars, but he certainly and literally interfered on behalf of Joan. Her victory is therefore ours, and we might justly commemorate it by an inscription—say by Mr. Swinburne—in Westminster Abbey. The Dean and Chapter could perhaps be persuaded to admit a verse or two from him on such a theme.

NOTES ON SHELLEY'S BIRTHPLACE

Reprinted¹ with permission from *Macmillan's Magazine*,
March 1879 (thirty-three years ago ! W. H. W.)

THE village of Warnham lies about three-quarters of a mile westward of the Warnham station, on the Mid-Sussex line of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway. Like scores of villages in that part of Sussex and the adjoining county of Surrey, grey, quiet, and retired, it is embosomed in a country singularly placid and beautiful. The houses cluster mainly round the church, a tolerably ancient structure, with a square, lichen-covered tower. The meadows, with some noble trees, bound the churchyard, and a man who is jaded and wants rest could hardly do better than spend a morning under the south church wall. Years ago, before certain 'improvements' were made in Warnham street, the

¹ [This paper was reprinted, with corrections, for the Keats-Shelley Memorial number of the *Bookman*, June, 1912.]

prospect must have been much more attractive than it is now. A print in the British Museum shows a succession of quaint, gabled cottages which are altogether gone. When I was in Warnham, however, I was anxious, not so much to admire the scenery, as to find out what could be learned about Shelley, and I lost no time in searching for the parish clerk. He was a hearty, vigorous old man of eighty-two, and had been parish clerk for more than forty years. I discovered him up in the tower amongst the bell-ropes, winding up the church clock. On the wall of the belfry was a tablet, recording that he was present when the ringers from Horsham came over in 1867, and rang a wonderful peal with a wonderful number of changes. His memory was quite good for events which happened when he was young, though it failed him for those of yesterday. He remembered Sir Timothy Shelley, the poet's father. He was often at Field Place when Sir Timothy was alive, and recollected particularly his eyes. 'Sir Timothy had very piercing-like eyes, 'and when he was ninety, he never wore 'spectacles. He is not buried here; he is 'buried at Horsham. He used to say to me, "Mr. Clerk, you may ring the bells for me at "Warnham, but I mean to lie where my father

“lies in Horsham church.”’ The registers in the church are well kept, and if the visitor turns to the book for 1792, he will find the following entry :

‘Sept^{br}. 7th. Percy Byshe [*sic*¹] Son of Timothy & Elizabeth Shelley born Augst. 4th 1792.’

From this it is evident that Percy Byshe, whatever he may have become afterwards, was, on the seventh of September, duly baptized into the Christian faith. Inside the church are several tablets in memory of the Shelley family. One of them records the deaths of two of the poet's sisters, Hellen—her name was designedly so spelt—who died young; and Elizabeth, who died in 1831. The same tablet also records the death of Charles Bysshe Shelley, son of the poet by his first wife, Harriet Westbrook. The inscription is remarkable, for it describes the child, not as the son of Percy Bysshe Shelley and Harriet Shelley, but as the grandson of Sir Timothy and Lady Elizabeth Shelley. To what date it is due, I do not know, but it points to a time when kinship with the poet, if not a disgrace, was at least of no account,

¹ [The second *s* is there, however, and evidently was inserted at the time of the entry. Thus: Bys^fhe. The long *s* at first sight looks like the tail of a letter in the entry above.]

compared with the relationship to the baronet. On the north side of the altar there are stones which form part of the paving and mark the burial-place of the relatives of Sir Timothy. In a short time they will become defaced, for they lie flat upon the ground, and are not protected in any way whatever. One of the stones tells us that 'Timothy Shelley Esqr. of 'Horsham in this County died 11th of March '1771 Aged 70;' and that 'Joanna his Wife 'died 17th November 1770 Aged 74. She was 'Born at Newark in North America.' These were the poet's great-grandfather and great-grandmother. Sir Bysshe, it will be remembered, was born at Newark. Students of Shelley will be familiar with the names of Michell (not Mitchell as it is usually spelt), and Pilfold. Shelley's grandmother was a Michell, and his mother a Pilfold. They are common names in Sussex, more particularly Michell; and Mr. Charles Gibbon, the Richmond Herald, observes in the *Sussex Archæological Collections*, vol. xii, p. 110, of the Michells, that, 'I have not any hesitation in 'saying, I could, with very little trouble, show 'the descent from our *Visitation of Sussex in* '1634, of a vast number of them who, at present, have little idea of their claims to coat 'armour.' On the road from Warnham to

Horsham, the traveller will not fail to note the invitation to drink of 'Michell's Fine Ales.' On the north wall of the church a tablet has been erected in memory of several Michells and Pilfolds, ancestors of Shelley; one of them being the grandmother of Percy Bysshe. The inscription states that she was the daughter of Theobald Michell and Mary Tredcroft, that she married Bysshe Shelley, Esq., in 1752, and died in 1760.

About a mile south of Warnham lies Field Place. It is on the right-hand side of the Horsham road, just across a small common. In the days when Field Place was built, people cared more for protection from the cold than for 'commanding views,' and it has been planted somewhat in a hollow. Nevertheless, as the land all about there lies high, the South Downs can be seen from the garden, and towards the west the mountainous outline of Hindhead. It is a comfortable-looking, English gentleman's house, built in the style of about a hundred and fifty years ago, and now getting somewhat the worse for wear. It is one story high, exclusive of garrets, and roofed with what is called Horsham slate, a heavy kind of native building-slab, capable of being easily split, and much used in those parts for roofs, when tiles were expensive,

and slates still more so, by reason of the carriage. The front faces the west, and is furnished with a long verandah or portico. This is where Shelley was born, and spent the first ten years of his life. The garden is the garden in which he played, and the lanes are now just what they were when he used to ride about them on his pony. Field Place is arranged with a central hall, and a staircase facing the entrance. The drawing-room is on the left-hand side, and the dining-room on the right. Going upstairs, if the visitor turns to the right, he will come to a small bedroom, not the principal bedroom, and here it was that Percy Bysshe Shelley first saw the light. A brass plate has been let into the wall over the mantelpiece, giving the date of his birth. The room forms an angle of the building, so that it has windows looking both south and west. In that room, in that quiet rustic dwelling, from a rough country squire, and from a mother who was nothing remarkable, sprang the *Sensitive Plant*, and the *Witch of Atlas*. If, instead of Shelley, an infant Squire Western had been produced on the 4th August, 1792, everybody would have thought it natural, but instead of Squire Western, we have, as a miracle of miracles, not only the most spiritual of thinkers, but such a master of poetical

music that he knew how to express, in matchless harmonies of verse, ideas which, but for him, would have been considered beyond the reach of language. But, if Shelley cannot be traced in his ancestors, much of him is traceable in his epoch, of which he was emphatically the child. For a moment let us consider what was being done in the world on the day when he entered it.

It is important to remember that the French Revolution, or rather *the* Revolution, was on that day the one great fact of Europe, and that Shelley and the Revolution were contemporary, for in him the Revolution breaks out into song. On this same 4th August, 1792, on the motion of M. Charlier, it was summarily decreed by the National Assembly that all religious houses whatever should be sold for the benefit of the nation. The Section de Mauconseil resolved, and on that day the resolution was publicly read to the Assembly, that they no longer recognized Louis XVI as their king. It was on that day that a grenadier appeared at the bar and declared that many of his comrades had disgraced their corps by submitting to guard the king, and kissing the hand of 'his wife.' He added, that others, full of indignation at such a degrading service, were coming to deposit their caps upon the

table. M. Girardin happened to observe that, by the law, no petition could be presented by more than twenty people, whereupon cries of —‘To the abbey prisons! To the scaffold! ‘Down with Girardin!’ re-echoed on all sides. Presently there was a lull, during which M. Girardin proceeded with his speech; but another storm broke out, and another grenadier rushed into the hall, snatched off his epaulettes, tore his uniform to pieces, threw the rags amongst the members of the Assembly, and rushed out into the street. It was the eve of Louis’ last *levée*—the *levée* of the 5th—when his flight was debated, and he drew back and was for ever lost. It was six days only before the insurrection of the 10th and the slaughter of the Swiss. It was on the 4th August that their Majesties, the Emperor of Germany and the King of Prussia, issued their famous manifesto announcing their mission to put down the Revolution and ‘console mankind,’ by giving up ‘the city of Paris to the most dreadful and ‘terrible justice, from which nothing can save ‘it,’ if the least insult were offered to the king or queen. How the promise was kept, and their sacred Majesties found themselves unable to administer the necessary consolation, is well known. In England the excitement was intense. Crowds of emigrants that month were

pouring up the Sussex roads from the sea-side, some in coaches, some in wagons, and some in fish-carts, and many of them in the greatest distress. The Marchioness de Bouillé and Madame de Noailles both came over from Dieppe to Brighton in August disguised as men, one as a sailor in an open boat, and the other in a packet. A proclamation against seditious writings had been issued by the Government, and 341 terrified corporations had voted addresses of thanks for it. Revolutionary ideas, too, which were not merely political, were in the air, and Mary Wollstonecraft, the mother of Shelley's Mary, had just published the *Vindication of the Rights of Women*, and proclaimed that 'liberty is the mother of 'virtue, and if women are, by their very constitution, slaves, and not allowed to breathe 'the sharp invigorating air of freedom, they 'must ever languish like exotics, and be 'reckoned beautiful flaws in nature.' This was the world in which men were living on that quiet day—for I learn from a chance memorandum that the day was calm and pleasant, the wind being easterly, with slight showers—when the poet of the Revolution first saw the light in the little chamber looking out upon the peaceful Sussex pastures.

About two miles south-east from Field Place

lies the town of Horsham. Like many other towns of that kind, it is divisible into two distinct sections. There is the railway Horsham of red brick and stucco, the Horsham of desirable villa residences, which has sprung up since the Brighton railway found its way into the borough and gave it 'facilities,' as the placards on the station walls describe the benefits conferred upon the inhabitants by the company. Then there is the old Horsham, the centre of which is a cool, broad, half-square, half-street, planted with ancient trees, and flanked on either side by quaint houses showing every kind of elevation, sky-line, and gable. At the end of this half-square, half-street, stands the church, a noble building with a tall shingled spire, which, strange to say, has purposely been built slightly askew. Round about the church lies the churchyard, and just outside the gate, southwards, runs the Arun, dammed up to turn a mill, the clacking of which can be heard in the churchyard. Across the river the ground rises towards Denne Park, with its famous avenues and glens. Denne Park might easily have suggested—more easily perhaps than any part of the country near Field Place—the well-known semi-chorus in the *Prometheus* which begins;

'The path through which that lovely twain
Have passed, by cedar, pine, and yew,
And each dark tree that ever grew,
Is curtained out from Heaven's wide blue.'

The *Prometheus*, however, was written when Horsham was well-nigh forgotten. Seen from the south-west corner of the meadow just across the Arun, near the stile against the mill, the river, trees, and church-spire form a picture typical of England at its best. The shingling on the church is about to be renewed, and possibly its colour may suffer in the process, but when I saw it (1879),¹ it had acquired a peculiarly lustrous silvery-gray tint, more beautiful than I had noticed on any shingled spire in the southern counties, though I have seen a good many. Timothy Shelley was returned as member for Horsham in 1790. At that time the number of voters was twenty-four.² He was at the top of the poll; but a petition was presented against him, and on the 8th of March, 1792, five months before Percy's birth, a House of Commons Committee decided that he was not duly elected. The Committee further reported that Drew Michell and John Rawlinson, the bailiffs, acted with gross injustice

¹ [Probably 1878. A 'June morning,' see p. 231. The article appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine*, March 1879.]

² [This should I think be 44. See Fraser's *Controverted Elections*, 1793, vol. ii, p. 34.]

and partiality in favour of the sitting members ; that on a poll being demanded they appointed the Duke of Norfolk's steward, Thomas Charles Medwin, and James Robertson, the steward's clerk, to be the poll-clerks, who rejected legal votes in favour of the petitioners, and received illegal votes for the sitting members, by which means they procured a colourable majority. The petitioners were declared duly elected, and Sir Timothy lost his seat, after losing, we may be sure, money and temper. David Michell was probably a relative of Bysshe Shelley's wife, and Thomas Charles Medwin was also probably a relative. Timothy Shelley was the nominee of the Duke of Norfolk, who had great influence in the borough, and shortly afterwards became its sole proprietor.

The interior of Horsham Church has been restored, after the modern High Church model. It has been elaborately decorated ; candles have been placed upon the altar, and ornamental hangings have been scattered about here and there according to some rule known to the initiated. The Shelley tablets, along with many others formerly affixed to the walls, have consequently been removed to a dark corner under the spire, where they are all huddled up together. The one in memory of the poet's father and mother is

almost entirely concealed by some of the old church fittings, which have been piled up against it. Tested by numbers, the vicar and the Restoration Committee have doubtless done what was right. There were several people in the church on the June morning when I was there, and all of them were intent upon admiring the magnificence of the ecclesiastical upholstery and the propriety of the furniture. The wax candles, and the brass candlesticks, were more interesting than the family history of the Shelleys. Perhaps the most noticeable of all the monuments, connected with the Shelleys, is outside in the churchyard. It is a tombstone, not discoverable without a good deal of difficulty, for it lies flat on the ground, almost buried in grass. The inscription is nearly effaced, but I give it exactly as it stands :

In memory of John Groombridge, who died
23rd Feb. 1789,

aged 76 years.

He was

Groombridge was steward to Sir Bysshe Shelley, and was implicitly trusted as an honest man. His master was warned against him, and was told that Groombridge was robbing him. He never would believe it, whilst the man was alive, but found out after

his death that the stories about him were true, and put up this tombstone to his memory. Two stories are current about the exact meaning of the *He was*. One is that Sir Bysshe discovered the frauds committed upon him when the stonemason was carving the stone, and stopped him at these words, just as he was going to add 'an honest man.' Another is, that Sir Bysshe meant simply to say, that Groombridge *was*; not liking to call him a villain, because, for so long, confidence had been placed in him, and not daring to profess that the confidence was continued. Groombridge *was*—that is the only certain fact which Sir Bysshe could assert about him. This stone, as I have said, is in danger of total obliteration. It was formerly placed upright against the church wall, but was 'restored' with the church, and put where it is now. It is a great pity that it should not once more be restored to its original position.

I have only one word to add, by way of apology for what many persons will perhaps consider the triviality of these details. Whether a detail be trivial or not, depends upon the love we bear to the man to whom it relates. I suppose that most persons would rather know what Shakespeare was doing on any one day from dawn to sunset, even when

he was a boy, than be instructed as to the history of the Congress of Vienna. So long as man is man, he will try to discover the minutest particulars about those whom he worships, and the colour of a lock of hair will often be of more importance to him than the fortunes of a kingdom.

THE SCOTTISH JOURNAL OF DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

It is difficult to write about anybody who has been much praised. The sincerest admirer feels almost unavoidably a tendency to reaction which does not proceed from his true self, and ought to be resisted. In the case of Dorothy Wordsworth, however, the praise has not been quite unanimous. It is generally supposed that her brother, without her insight and supporting strength, would not have been the poet of the *Lyrical Ballads* and the *Poems* of 1807; but criticism, so called, ambitious of discovery and paradox, invites us to believe, in opposition to his distinct testimony—

‘She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;’

that, in reality, she was a poor creature, and that she borrowed from him what it has been imagined he borrowed from her. Nonsense of this kind can be refuted by a simple statement of facts. For example, in Dorothy’s Alfoxden *Journal* she observes, on March 18, 1798: ‘On our return, sheltered under the

'hollies, during a hail-shower. The withered
'leaves danced with the hailstones.' Can any
one doubt that the lines in the poem 'A whirl-
'blast from behind the hill,' composed the same
day—

'Yet here, and there, and every where
Along the floor, beneath the shade
By those embowering hollies made,
The leaves in myriads jump and spring,'

were suggested by Dorothy? On June 10, 1800, a beggar woman called at the house at Town-end, Grasmere, and the *Journal* of the 10th contains a description of her in her 'long brown cloak.' A few hours afterwards, on her way to Ambleside, Dorothy saw two boys whom she knew at once by their likeness to the beggar to be her children. They asked for alms, and Dorothy replied, 'I served your mother this morning.' "'O!" says the elder, "'you could not serve my mother for she's
"dead, and my father's on at the next town—
"he's a potter." I persisted in my assertion,' (afterwards confirmed) 'and that I would give
'them nothing. Says the elder, "Let's away,"
'and away they flew like lightning.' In the *Journal* of March 13, 1802, Dorothy records, 'William . . . wrote the poem of *The Beggar Woman*, ['Beggars'] taken from a woman

‘whom I had seen in May (now nearly two years ago) when John and he were at Gallow Hill,’ and the Fenwick note to ‘Beggars’ is ‘Met, and described to me by my Sister.’ ‘Beggars’ is in fact a metrical transcription of the *Journal*. Dorothy does not moralize on the lies told her by the young vagrants. She seems to have loved them just a little, half-consciously, for was not the hat of the elder ‘wreathed round with yellow flowers,’ and was not the hat of the younger a mere ‘rimless crown’ stuck round with laurel leaves? In ‘Beggars’ likewise there is no sermon, and the last verse (1807 edition) is—

“She has been dead, Sir, many a day.”
 “Sweet Boys, you’re telling me a lie;
 It was your Mother, as I say”—
 And in the twinkling of an eye,
 “Come, come!” cried one; and, without more ado,
 Off to some other play they both together flew.’

On August 29, 1803, Dorothy and her brother are at Loch Long. ‘Occupied as my mind was,’ she writes, ‘with other things, I thought of the long windings through which the waters of the sea had come to this inland retreat, visiting the inner solitudes of the mountains, and I could have wished to have mused out a summer’s day on the shores of

'the lake.' The date of the 'Blind Highland Boy' is given by Mr. Hutchinson in the *Oxford Wordsworth* as probably December 1806. Anyhow, it must have been some time after the birth of the second child, Dora, in August 1804, for, disguised as 'Jane', she is mentioned in the beginning of the poem. The 'Blind Highland Boy' contains those most wonderful lines beginning—

'For to this lake, by night and day,
The great Sea-water finds its way
Through long, long windings of the hills.'

Many other instances might be given to show that Dorothy, always awake, continually turned the attention of her introspective brother to the significance of external objects, and saved his poetic gift by the provision of reality.

Why the Scottish tour was projected we do not quite know. Wordsworth was unwell, for Coleridge, in a letter to his wife, dated September 1, 1803, complains that 'Wordsworth's hypochondriacal feelings keep him 'silent and self-centred.' Stuart, the proprietor and editor of the *Morning Post*, for whom Coleridge was working at the time, lent the money for the journey. The equipment for it was singular. A car, something

between an Irish car and a cart, was hired, together with a horse, at Grasmere, but much of the excursion was done on foot. Every one at Dumfries 'had a smile for us and our 'car,' and at Glasgow the children hooted. Strict economy was not only necessary, but loved for its own sake. At Loch Katrine Coleridge and Wordsworth slept on hay in a barn, and Dorothy in a three-bedded room in the hut to which the barn belonged. Her account of that night must be quoted :

. 'When I went to bed, the mistress, desiring me to "go ben," attended me with a candle, and assured me that the bed was dry, though not "sic as I had been used to." It was of chaff; there were two others in the room, a cupboard and two chests, on one of which stood the milk in wooden vessels covered over; I should have thought that milk so kept could not have been sweet, but the cheese and butter were good. The walls of the whole house were of stone unplastered. It consisted of three apartments,—the cow-house at one end, the kitchen or house in the middle, and the spence at the other end. The rooms were divided, not up to the rigging, but only to the beginning of the roof, so that there was a free passage for light and smoke from one end of the house to the other.

I went to bed some time before the family. The door was shut between us, and they had a bright fire, which I could not see; but the light it sent up among the varnished rafters and beams, which crossed each other in almost as intricate and fantastic a manner as I have seen the under-boughs of a large beech-tree

withered by the depth of the shade above, produced the most beautiful effect that can be conceived. It was like what I should suppose an underground cave or temple to be, with a dripping or moist roof, and the moonlight entering in upon it by some means or other, and yet the colours were more like melted gems. I lay looking up till the light of the fire faded away, and the man and his wife and child had crept into their bed at the other end of the room. I did not sleep much, but passed a comfortable night, for my bed, though hard, was warm and clean : the unusualness of my situation prevented me from sleeping. I could hear the waves beat against the shore of the lake ; a little "syke" close to the door made a much louder noise ; and when I sate up in my bed I could see the lake through an open window-place at the bed's head. Add to this, it rained all night. I was less occupied by remembrance of the Trossachs, beautiful as they were, than the vision of the Highland hut, which I could not get out of my head. I thought of the Fairyland of Spenser, and what I had read in romance at other times, and then, what a feast would it be for a London pantomime-maker, could he but transplant it to Drury Lane, with all its beautiful colours !'

In her description of that evening and night Dorothy gives us a true portrait of herself, happy in a mud-floor hut, exhilarated by barley-bread and milk, 'laughing and laughing 'again' over it, intent on the beauty of the effects of the peat smoke, although it made her eyes smart, listening as she lies on her chaff bed to the rippling of the lake and

thinking of the *Faerie Queene*. Nobody could have enjoyed mountains, lakes, and waterfalls more than Dorothy, but she did not explore the Highlands in search of the picturesque. 'I can always,' she says, 'walk over a moor with a light foot; I seem to be drawn more closely to nature in such places than anywhere else; or rather I feel more strongly the power of nature over me, and am better satisfied with myself for being able to find enjoyment in what unfortunately to many persons is either dismal or insipid.' It is in her peculiar ability to get so much out of the common world that Dorothy is remarkable. The reason why she can get so much from it is that she can look long and steadily, and is free from any conscious desire to do more than look. The reader who goes to her *Journals* for 'ideas' will be disappointed, and will probably exclaim, 'What do I care about all this? It is nothing to me.' The omissions, generally speaking, not only in the *Journals*, but in Dorothy throughout, are not without significance—no attempted solutions of theological or metaphysical problems; in fact, the problems themselves do not appear.

The *Recollections* were not published till 1874, long after Dorothy was dead. Rogers, who much admired them, tried to persuade

her to print them in 1823, but nothing was done. She does not seem to have cared to make herself known except to her friends. Her indifference was partly begotten by living so much in quiet retirement with her native hills and lakes. Her intimacy with them prevented desire for public notice. She has no literary style, but for her purpose her style is perfect, reflecting with simplicity and exactitude her thought or the object before her. Her aim was simply to fix her impressions in writing for her own use. It is a pity we do not more often follow her example. Writing gives definiteness, and serves to remind us of what we have once felt. Jean Paul preserved *Some Recollections of the Happiest Hours of Life* for 'Consolation at the Last,' but our own may refresh us during many hours before the last. It may not be possible to recall them without some melancholy, but it is also possible that they 'may kindle as a fire new stirred' the old emotion.

These memoranda were extracted from a note-book on hearing that there was to be a reprint of the *Recollections*. The report was unfounded. A new edition, even with a map (much missed in the current edition), would probably not pay, for we 'do' the Highlands, the Cumberland lakes, Greece,

Italy, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Nazareth by motor-car. The deluded creatures who suppose that anything lovely or memorable can be seen by means of a petroleum-machine driven at thirty miles an hour with a halt of a day for 'objects of interest' specially marked in a guide-book, would not read the *Recollections*. It is an important message which Dorothy and her brother deliver—that we must not be in a hurry if we desire beauty to disclose itself to us.

One word more. Dorothy, as just observed, does not supply notions, ideas, or theories of the universe, and yet she, after long and intimate study of her, draws us, or a few of us, with a curious power which it is difficult to understand, so that we fall back on the miracle of occult sympathy. Her charm is evenly spread over everything she does, and it accumulates by degrees, becoming at last so great that admiration is transformed into something very much like worship. The explanation of her peculiar attraction partly lies perhaps in Dorothy's impersonality. She is one with earth, sky, and humanity, and our relationship to them is our relationship to her. Such language may sound extravagant, and no doubt is really so to those whose temperament demands nothing which Dorothy has to give,

but that it may be genuine is equally undoubted, and if it is so to us we ought not to be afraid to use it. We do wrong to ourselves and to others if we dilute any appreciation which is sincere.

CALEB MORRIS

THIS is not a very satisfactory book.¹ Excepting the contributions by the Rev. T. W. Chignell, which, alas! are all too scanty, it does not sufficiently distinguish that great man Caleb Morris from other remarkable preachers of his time. It is also too long. Much that is but remotely connected with him might with advantage have been omitted. Caleb Morris was born in 1800, and died in 1865. I knew him first in 1849, just before he left Fetter Lane Chapel. Afterwards I attended constantly the services he conducted in Eccleston Square Chapel, and at his own house in Mecklenburg Square. From 1850 up to the time when he went away from London to spend the remainder of his days in his native land, he was my friend and guide. The printed reports of his sermons are somewhat lifeless. But having heard continuously all the most noteworthy speakers of my day—Roebuck, Cobden, Bright, Gladstone, Binney—I affirm unhesitatingly that Caleb Morris was more

¹ *The Life and Ministry of the Rev. Caleb Morris.* By the Rev. D. Tyssil Evans, M.A., B.Sc.

eloquent than any of them. His eloquence was not extravagant, nothing was laid on, it never went beyond his subject, but it was equal to it; it was the voice of the thing itself. I never shall forget a sermon of his on the prodigal son. He dwelt not so much on the son as on the father, and he almost acted, with perfect restraint but with overcoming tenderness, the daily longing for the child's return, the looking out—'Shall I see him to-day?' He pointed out that this parable, although it taught us the depth of God's love, was a glorification by Jesus of human love. I can feel even now the force which streamed from him that night, and swept me with it, as if I were a leaf on a river in flood. A few passages from other sermons still remain with me. 'What was the difference between Christ's teaching and that of the Scribes and Pharisees? 'These darkened the people, Christ enlightened them; these burdened the people, Christ unburdened them; these bewildered the people, Christ released them from their bewilderment. '... The characteristic of the Pharisees and of the religion of Form is a three-fold ritualism —of the intellect, of the affections, and of morals. The ritualism of the intellect is to have thoughts of God which are not your own, which you have not appropriated.'

‘Do not suppose that what we say about
‘the Being of God is unimportant. It is fear-
‘fully, awfully important, but how little we
‘think about it; we are too much occupied
‘with the conventionalities of religion, meet-
‘ings, chapels, “causes.” Men have no time
‘to be *godly*.’

‘God is not far from any one of us, and if
‘we struggle to rise to Him our whole nature
‘rises—will, intellect, affections; one draws the
‘whole upwards.’

‘To be born again is to awake to the reality
‘of spirit and the spiritual world.’

‘The Holy Ghost descended like a dove;
‘not in the shape of a dove, but a heavenly
‘influence descended as a dove descends.
‘Character is always discerned by a revelation.
‘Jesus said, “Come and see.” This was the
‘beginning of great things, this simple invita-
‘tion.’

‘Our residence is for us. The earth is so
‘full of beauty and richness. How holy the
‘sunshine is, and the storms are holy too.
‘Providence is *for* us. . . . If the soul has been
‘permeated by truth and love, God will not
‘allow it by any accident to be lost.’

The walk to Emmaus. ‘“O fools,” O
‘thoughtless, O unreflecting! What an awful
‘word! The greatest mercy God can bestow

‘on us is to make us think, and keep us thinking. If not thinking—and by this I mean the simultaneous action of the whole man—something bad is going on. How seldom is an action done by the whole man! . . . There is no sincerity where there is no emotion. No dull man can be sincere. . . . The Christ the Jews expected did not come; the Christ they did not expect did come. The Christ men expect will not come.’

These are but black cinders. They were once aglow, white with fire. I learnt from Caleb Morris what a student is apt to disbelieve, that books cannot supply the place of the public speaker.

I never beheld a man in whom Christianity, or rather Christ, was so vitally inherent. With him Christianity was not assent to certain propositions, nor external obedience to its precepts. It was an indwelling of the Christ of the Gospels, shaping thought, speech, and life. Hence he was not strictly orthodox, for orthodoxy is system, and system is something artificial and restrictive. He believed undoubtedly in the chief doctrines of Christianity, but he was one of the freest of men, if freedom is largeness of the space in which we move and live. We may deny that Leviticus was written before the Captivity, or

dispute the authenticity of the Gospel of Saint John, and be narrower than a rigid Calvinist. Thomas à Kempis and Bunyan were infinitely free.

Caleb Morris, in many ways, was like Socrates. There was in both the disposition to lay hold of reputed realities, and to ask, looking them in the face, whether or not they were actually real. 'Wherein can it help me?' was the question Caleb Morris put. He distrusted institutions. 'I heard Professor Maurice 'yesterday,' he once said to me. 'He deals with 'systems, combinations, societies, Christian 'Socialism, rather than with man personally.' Again, 'I am more and more convinced of the 'tendency of all official, regular duties to become forms. . . . The walk to Emmaus, a walk 'by the roadside, contains some of the best 'things in the Bible.' 'Did the prodigal son say 'when he came to himself, "I will join this or "that institution"? No! but "I will arise and "go to my father."' Like Socrates, also, was his habit of learning and instructing through common things. Nothing was too common for him, and he has taught me in the crowded streets of London lessons suggested by what he saw in them, which came closer to me than those derived from the laborious study of many big volumes.

Mr. Chignell notes Caleb Morris's love of Bacon. No writer outside the Bible did he venerate more. These were the days before Spedding had published his immortal work, and by simple statement of facts had vindicated Bacon's character. No 'Evenings with a 'Reviewer' had appeared to demonstrate the falsity and impossibility of Macaulay's caricature, and that Bacon was not, and could not have been, like Sporus, 'one vile antithesis.' Caleb Morris, one evening at Mecklenburg Square, when he was giving a little series of talks upon Bacon, selected Bacon's behaviour after his fall as a signal instance of magnanimity. He understood also, as few people understand, the close relationship of Bacon with the heavens, the poetic, imaginative, religious side of the man.

But I must stop. It is of no use to go on. I feel that what hovers before me, although it is so vivid, is elusive. I am sad sometimes when I reflect how little Caleb Morris has left behind him. He is not in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. But we must hold to the faith that spirit cannot die. It is not necessary for immortality on earth that a man should write books or do anything conspicuous. He may live to eternity without the help of the *Dictionary*. The corn springs and multi-

plies, although the seed perishes and is forgotten.

The *Life and Ministry*, as I have before said, is not satisfactory, but there is much in it for which I am grateful, and certainly those who knew Caleb Morris ought to read it.

PART III

[*MS. Note-book.*¹

I find myself talking sometimes as if I were responsible for the effect of what I say. I am responsible for nothing but saying it. For the effect God is responsible who has ordained all causes and effects, and the magnitude of the effect which is to follow from each cause.

When we struggle to see more than we possibly can see, we undervalue what we indubitably see. I am disappointed because from this cliff I cannot make out the light at Boulogne harbour, although all the stars are blazing round me. The future of the soul is hidden, but after all the fact of importance is that we *think*. What possibilities and probabilities lie therein !

More Pages from a Journal, p. 229.

We should not talk as if we were responsible for the effect of what we say. We are responsible for saying it, and for nothing more. A higher power is responsible for the effect which is to follow from each cause.

p. 233.

When we struggle to see more than we possibly can see we undervalue what we indubitably see.

¹ [See Preface.]

MS. Note-book.

The slow change in the sky is so beautiful: for example, the dying out of the light in the clouds at sunset, the silent, even pace at which the process goes on. The quiet abiding of the grey cloud when the light has gone is also beautiful.

More Pages from a Journal, p. 236.

The slowness of the change in the sky is exquisite, the dying out of the light in the clouds after sunset. The quiet abiding of the grey cloud as darkness thickens is wonderful.

Denn er stand neben mir,
wie meine Jugend,
Er machte mir das Wirk-
liche zum Traum,
Um die gemeine Deutlich-
keit der Dinge
Den goldnen Duft der
Morgenröthe webend.

Wallensteins Tod, v. 3.

A nobler office for friendship or love to turn the real into a dream, than to turn the dream into reality.

P. 247.

We ought to endeavour to give our dreams reality, but in Reality we should preserve the dream.

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NOTES

The highest principles are of use in determining not only the most important but even ordinary actions. The highest principles should in fact be called on for the determination of every action. ‘*By celestial observations alone can even terrestrial charts be constructed scientifically.*’ (*Friend*, vol. iii, p. 121.¹)

One reason why dramatic poetry charms is that it presents events as connected and leading to some end. In ordinary life they are disconnected and non-productive. Belief controls action, but does not action govern belief? If my life is orderly, if I persevere in one definite limited sphere, thoroughly master it and reap the reward, will my creed be the same as that of a man who is desultory, deals in nothing which is consecutive, and is disappointed?

When a man has done wrong his fellows feel that there is something *due* to him, apart altogether from expediency. This *due*-ness is justice.

[¹ 1818 edition.]

The passion which we suppose to be inseparably connected with love for a woman may be so diverted and trained as to connect itself with intellectual objects. We then have passionate intellect, and the intellectual perceptions and acts acquire a singular vividness and strength.

Socialism, towards which everything is drifting, may turn out a great failure. In my opinion it will certainly fail, and the reaction will be disastrous and put us back beyond where we are now ; but at any rate socialism is an *idea*, and in so far as it aspires to govern the world by an idea it is progress.

I was surprised this morning when I reflected how large a stake I had in what was uncertain, in that for which I could but hope, and how little I live in that of which I am assured. The wise man should reverse the order.

In the ' Idiot Boy ' Wordsworth carries out his principle to its fullest extent. In one sense it is the most Wordsworthian of all his poems. His notion was that the common inheritance of mankind is capable of poetic treatment and that the poet who will make all of us feel that we live in poetry does the greatest service to

us. But in the 'Idiot Boy' he has gone further, and has redeemed even idiocy. The charm of the poem to many may be the mother's love for this child, but the point of it really is that in idiocy there is a poem. See Wordsworth's letter to Wilson, 5 June, 1802.

It is necessary to read over and over again all that a man of any note has written, and to know all that we can discover about him, before the light arises on us which discovers what his inner self is from which the external manifestation, with all its apparent anomalies, proceeds. Nay more, in order to prevent misjudgement afterwards when our labours have for some time ceased, we must renew them perpetually if that which happens to be *prominent* in our hero is something which, by impressing the imagination more than that which is most truly himself, continually recreates a false image of him. This prominent fact abides before our eyes, but the explanation, the meaning of it fades. This is true of Bacon.

In the writers of an earlier time, in Bacon, for example, a certain amplitude and slowness may be observed. It is not diffuseness or verbiage, but the deliberate expansion of a

beloved idea or project which shows a man who is in no hurry and can afford to wait.

Omnipresence as a divine attribute comes to meaning in organic growth. The tree does not develop first at this point and then at the other. *All over* it proceeds to perfection. So should the growth of character be, and so it is when it is divinely prompted.

The thoughts by which we live may lie too deep for expression; perhaps even for distinct consciousness. The HOPE which is our support is based on something below anything which can be brought to visibility.

It is possible by long-continued practice, not merely in lying, but in talking on subjects in which we have no real interest, not to know when we are sincere and when we are not.

In all works of art the finite should represent the infinite, but to attempt to represent the infinite without a most concrete finite is absurd.

I often have thoughts half-formed, intimations, which are not developed into definiteness, apparently because of a certain grossness

or heaviness. I can see or feel something, but what it is I cannot comprehend.

A friend was at the brink of death. I was depressed not only for him but by thoughts on death generally. He was about my own age, and he was one more of those who had gone before me. I fell to counting them and found them so many and those that were left so few. I went out, called upon W——, who knew the dying M—— better than I knew him and consequently loved him more. To my surprise I found no shadow of death on W——: ‘M—— had enjoyed life, had done ‘completely what he was meant to do. As we ‘came into the world, it was clear we must go ‘out of it;’ and while I sat talking to him he went on with some work which he had to finish that day. The whole of my trouble, not only for M—— but for myself, disappeared. How long would it have taken to *reason* myself out of it?

The peril of certain troubles is that although they prevent consecutive thinking, they stimulate a tumultuous activity round a fixed point. Then ensues rapid, monstrous, diseased growth.

It is a great fault when anything is presented to us to twist it into a mere illustration of something we already are or know. We ought to divest ourselves of ourselves in looking at it ; lie passive and bare to it.

Man is inexplicable on any hypothesis of a unity. The intellect foresees with luminous distinctness consequences which after the lapse of a few minutes will follow from a certain act. There is no eclipse of the intellect for an instant. Up to the very moment of perpetration the vision of what is coming is perfectly clear, and so is the conviction that it outweighs the pleasure of the act. Nevertheless the act *is* perpetrated. The theory of the existence of two separate entities in man may not be philosophical, it may be rationally indefensible, but it is experience.

It would be a good thing to exercise the memory continuously after boyhood and youth are passed ; to make it a practice to learn every day something by heart all through manhood and into old age.

‘The Writer’s Prayer,’ Bacon (Spedding, vii. 259): ‘... Thou, after thou hadst reviewed
‘the works which thy hands had made, beheldest

‘ that *everything* was *very good* ; and thou
‘ didst rest with complacency in them. But
‘ Man reflecting on the works which he had
‘ made, saw that *all was vanity and vexation*
‘ of Spirit, and could by no means acquiesce in
‘ them. Wherefore if we labour in thy works
‘ with the sweat of our brows, thou wilt make
‘ us partakers of thy Vision and thy Sabbath.
‘ We humbly beg that this mind may be stead-
‘ fastly in us, and that thou, by our hands and
‘ also by the hands of others on whom thou
‘ shalt bestow the same spirit, wilt please to
‘ convey a largeness of new alms to thy family
‘ of Mankind. These things we commend to
‘ thy everlasting love, by our Jesus, thy Christ,
‘ God with us. Amen.’

This is perhaps the highest point the English language has reached. Notice the *bonding*, to use a bricklayer’s word, of the sentences, or rather how *organic* the whole is ; not a simple aggregation.

Notice the contrast between the works of man and God, and between the effects of occupation with the one, politics for example, and with the other ; the true Baconian belief in the Sabbath of science.

I like privacy for its own sake. I do not care for a window close to and level with the

street. It is not because I am ashamed to be seen, but because I prefer not to be seen. It is pleasant to me to feel if I wander through some lovely wood that nobody knows where I am ; and when I go home I do not explain too particularly where I have been.

How often when I discover any weakness in myself do I sit down resolutely to think over it consecutively, to discover its cause and apply a remedy—just as I would do if I were in any ordinary difficulty ?

The slightest passion in most people upsets their judgement. B. was a singular exception. The deepest passion (and he was capable of it) never destroyed his self-possession, or self-*surveying* power.

It has been said that Satan embodies Milton's republicanism, but this is true only to a very small extent. Satan stands for nothing but simple will, wilfulness, or personality. It was not for a cause he revolted.

Perhaps the reason why Shakespeare's imaginative power impresses us so profoundly,—I mean that power by which he subdues all the elements to be servants of human passion,

the power which is the essence of poetry; which creates the storm in King Lear—the reason, I say, is that it hints to us the unity of which both the storm and the King are varieties.

When a man grows old, wisdom will not keep him alive. He will repeat the wisdom previously acquired. He is petrified. But emotion will preserve him. He should be careful to feed passion.

The old order is at an end, and men are trying to solve the problems of morality by the reason alone. For this purpose it is an untried instrument, and who can tell if it be equal to the task? If it is capable of solving them, it will have to take into account many things, which in the ordinary exercise of the faculty would not be noticed.

A man needs something which is more than friendship and yet is not love as it is generally understood. This something nevertheless a woman only can give.

What masses of other men's thoughts pass through me; how near I have been to those

I love ; what sights surround me, stars, sky, sea, and how little am I changed !

‘ Ich fühl’s, vergebens hab’ ich alle Schätze
Des Menschegeists auf mich herbeigerafft,
Und wenn ich mich am Ende niedersetze,
Quillt innerlich doch keine neue Kraft.’

Faust, Part I, 1457-60.

With nothing but air, vapour, sunlight, Nature builds an infinite variety of clouds, infinite in form and colour. So no man’s love is like another man’s love—a little more or less of this or that primary element makes not a difference of degree but a new kind.

As a rule we are unconscious of that which makes us precious to our friends. X., I am sure, has not the least notion why I love him. I doubt if he knows that he possesses what makes me love him.

Love is not friendship, nor passion, nor the union of friendship with passion. That it is not mere friendship or passion we all admit, and it differs from friendship combined with passion by its constant humility, adoration, sense of incompleteness without the beloved object. Friendship may exist between those who are conscious of equality.

The glory of love is its unaccountability: it is not something rendered proportionately—such and such an excellence, so much regard for it—but is rather a divine overflow.

The Jews have done the world one great service. They have made the Origin and Supporter of the Universe something invisible.

Separation from realities, how common it is! A man sits in his room and thinks and reads and stores his mind with abstractions and generalities. He attempts to apply them when he meets a fact—how worthless they are! I encounter so few people whose observations are due to precious homefelt experience. Something they have read or heard *occurs* to them when an occasion presents itself and it is dealt with by that which occurs, just as if a locksmith who wanted to pick a lock should take up the first tool which poked itself out of his basket.

Luther, brought before the Diet of Worms, is asked whether he will defend all his books or recant some part. He confesses that he had sometimes been more violent against persons than was befitting, but he could not retract

unless he was confuted. The Diet insists on further negotiations with him. The Elector Albert of Treves, whose friendship Luther acknowledged, then simply requested him to retract the articles in which he rejected the decisions of the Council of Constance. Luther had formerly acknowledged the validity of the general councils. He was promised that if he would withdraw these articles, the remainder of his books should be submitted to impartial judges. Luther's reply was that the decision must not be contrary to the Word of God. He was then condemned. His physical courage is not so remarkable as his intellectual courage, not obstinacy, which enabled him to refuse to abate the *edge* of his statements.

Side by side with the reason there has always been in almost all nations, revelation. It is assumed that the conclusions of the reason are not sufficient. This assumption leads to all kinds of impostures, but, as a principle, there is truth in it. The results of what is usually called the reason require correction and a supplement by something which is not reason in the ordinary sense of the term. But it would be wrong to say that this something is contrary to reason or essentially a different

faculty. It may be a method or process which is unusual or swifter than the customary processes or methods.

The *Faerie Queene* is a supernatural world, but the moment we enter it, excluding all thought of the world we have left, how naturally everything goes!

It is unfortunate that Death, which is so indeterminate, should be represented by such frightfully determinate symbols and by such a determinate ritual. How much of its terrors are due to this determinateness! Suppose we got rid of the skeleton and ceremonies at the grave and did our utmost to express indeterminateness, the gain would be enormous.

A man may train himself to love, usually considered a spontaneous act, or at any rate he may train himself not to love. This he can do by inattention, by refusal to *dwell* on the object, by encouraging the growth of those thorns which choke the word.

It is not so difficult to contend with a definite false dogma as with a false tendency. To fight with this is like fighting with a spirit of the air.

If a man holds sincerely any theory of life it is better than none. Any system which gives unity and subordinates motives is an advantage.

I notice that in the company of people who are almost strangers, if they are in any way interesting, I am apt to say foolish things which I do not mean. I see so few people that they excite me—that is the reason. I must repress this excitement and look twice before I speak at what I desire to say.

What originality Christianity admits! A man may be a Christian and yet lose nothing of that which is truly original in him. Nay, more, it provokes originality, just as the polishing of a pebble brings out the beauty and definiteness of its structure. I can call to mind people whom I knew forty or fifty years ago—it is not so true now—who had become *individual* through their religion.

The true division of time is into the ages before the printing-press and those which come after. Before it, much genius, which after it would have been literary, naturally found expression in action. After it, a man who feels anything stirring in him sits down,

writes and prints, and there is an end. Before it, he would have *done* something. This partly explains the thinness and simplicity of the literary remains of saints and apostles. They did not shut themselves up and *think*. Why should they, when it was not easy to communicate thought, save orally, to a narrow circle? Life is too short for the acting out of *one* idea.

When the Diabolonians are lodged in gaol, waiting for execution, Incredulity escapes: 'he ranged all over dry places, till he met 'with Diabolus his friend.' This is worth notice because it shows that Bunyan—and the same thing may be said of the Puritans generally—was not so free from doubt as we might suppose from his writings. It is impossible to believe that a man of Bunyan's magnitude could be always so sure of God, heaven, and hell as he was of the world he saw every morning when he rose. But the incredulity was considered a temptation. Much of our incredulity is mere weakness of the flesh, Diabolonian as Bunyan would have called it. We are accustomed in these days to think it must always be a sign of superiority—an utter mistake.

When the second Diabolonian army is brought against Mansoul Mr. Mind is wounded *in the stomach*.

One of Bunyan's temptations is that the Turks had as good a claim to a divine revelation as the Christians. The *Grace Abounding* contains no evidence that this temptation was ever fairly encountered, but it seems to have disappeared.

Bunyan is comforted by the words 'Thy righteousness is in heaven.' At first he thinks these words are in the Bible, but they are not there. Nevertheless he declares them true. It is not the pitiable, personal fact upon which he is to dwell. His Righteousness is Christ; not merely because by that superior Righteousness he is saved, as by something external and beyond him, but because it is *his*, it is *he*, Bunyan himself. Christ is I, more than I am myself.

We want some word to express a condition for which not only 'belief', but 'assent' or even 'acquiescence' are too strong, a condition in which something is undoubtingly *taken on* or assumed to be our own without any mental *act* whatever.

It is our duty to struggle to maintain convictions against decay. They often die, not by reason of counter convictions—these we ought not to oppose—but by mere inactivity. The non-exercise of the thinking faculty, which destroys conviction, is not productive of scepticism properly so called nor indeed of any *thing*.

‘I feel no sympathy with him.’ But ought you not to feel it, and could you not have felt it if you had tried to feel it? That you should feel no sympathy while you merely wait, passively, is not a sufficient plea. Sympathy worth having is created by active thought, by effort.

We reserve the word ‘sin’ for transgressions of the moral law, for insurrections of the senses or evil passions. But may there not be intellectual sins? To a Divine Overlooker would it not seem to be a *sin* that a man in his haste to come to a conclusion should wilfully neglect sufficient experiments? We should call it nothing but a mistake.

All complete, systematic exposition demands a position from which complete, systematic survey is possible. A man placed on one of

a vast complexity of intersecting curves, and required to give an account of them, could do no more if he were truthful than put down a number of points here and there which might not appear to have any connexion with one another. Theology and metaphysics as *systems* must be failures.

Children should not so much be directed to do what is right as stopped from doing what is wrong. The prompting to right-doing should be spontaneous, but the check against evil or a mistake should be supplied by the teacher.

The granite comes to the surface here over a very small area, almost a point. It is overlaid with deep deposits in the country round. So faith and hope lie smothered, appearing at rare intervals. But for all that they are at the bottom :—

. . . 'central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation.'

This perpetual reading and thinking without action—no call for it now—destroys resolution. A dozen reasons now present themselves, and I consider them all, for and against the simplest thing. For weeks beforehand

I am tossed by doubts whether I will undertake a journey to London. I regret the days when action was forced upon me.

When a man says that the truth lies in the mean, he pitches his own extremes. His mean may be an extreme or one of his extremes may be a mean. Anyhow the mean is often untrue or perilous. The extreme may be true and safe.

Sky covered uniformly with high, greyish cloud. No sun to be seen, but far away in the distance patches of sunlight appear at intervals, spontaneously as it were, upon the sea.

Is it not wonderful that men and women once sat and listened to the *Agamemnon*? What did they think of it: how much of it was real to them, a representation of something actually believed? Reading it now with the two other plays of the trilogy, I am bewildered by their all-embracingness and apparent contradictoriness. I cannot disentangle and pull out any separate thread from the texture and say—this is what Aeschylus thought about the gods. All the truer and greater he for that reason.

When we are afraid we ought not to occupy ourselves with endeavouring to prove that there is no danger but in strengthening ourselves to go on in spite of the danger.

The unapproachable ideal possesses no regulative value for us. God, as an ideal, has no effect on the character.

Humility is especially a Christian virtue. In so far as it is acquiescence in what is supposed to be a limitation it is a defect. *Humilitas*, says Spinoza, *virtus non est, sive ex Ratione non oritur*. The demonstration is characteristic. The true knowledge of ourselves is knowledge of our power.

The origin of beliefs with B. lies in the feelings. The intellectual justification comes afterwards. Without going so far as to say that this process is illegitimate, the other process surely is to be preferred, whereby the reason begins, and hands over its result to be loved and cherished by the feelings.

A. thinks much, but it is always about something to be done. The thinking in the Old Testament and the Gospels is of this type.

Could mere fear of hell produce such a result as the life of a saint? Does dread of the lash produce any corresponding result? If it be said that the motive of reward in heaven is added, I ask, What heaven? It was a heaven in which the vision seen on earth became real.

If we could get rid of our theological schemes the dividing line in the Bible would come at the end of the Gospels. The O. T. and the Gospels are more distinctly separated from the Epistles than the O. T. from the Gospels.

Legal freedom, the freedom to vote, the freedom to seek legal redress for wrongs, freedom of speech, trial by jury, do not excite much enthusiasm in me. What I desire is freedom to live the life I should like best, and the social tyranny which prevents me is stronger than that of the most absolute despot.

What A. thinks to be convictions are impressions depending on accidental causes, and each seems to be of equal value. Each as it rules him obliterates the one preceding.

The quiet of quiet places is made quieter by natural sounds. In a wood on a still day

the quiet is increased by the whisper of the trees.

Mere perception of the advantages (whether in this world or the next) of doing that which is right is insufficient to make us do it. There must be something more, impulse, obligation, call it what you will, of which no further explanation can be given.

It is as an intellectual stimulus that Scott seems to me, now late in life, so superior to most other novelists. Everything follows in his stories like a process in Nature; each event, each development, necessarily issuing from that which has preceded it. The people and their surroundings are mutually proportionate, like voices and instruments under the control of a master. Circumstances and character are a unity, so that given such and such a character, such and such circumstances envelop it, and given the circumstances such and such a character arises. Men, women, adventures, rocks, streams, are a growth from one root.

None of the formal arguments for the existence of God really convince. The proof lies in hints and dreams which are not expressible by human language.

A democracy is dangerous, not so much because it is tyrannical but because it is indifferent. Through its indifference it becomes an engine for minorities. The democracy of England at this moment is not a people but a mob.

Wesley says that 'whoever is uneasy on any account, (bodily pain alone excepted,) carries in himself his own conviction, that he is so far an unbeliever.' A noble statement, to which the readiest objections may be taken. But the nobler the statement the easier are objections thereto.

A man learns that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles. What has happened? Something has been added to his personality, for what is his personality but ideas? Secondly, the Universal, Eternal Truth has incarnated itself in a person. Everlastingly this process goes on. Compare Wordsworth's

 'each most obvious and particular thought

Hath no beginning.' (*Prelude*, ii. 229-32.)

To be articulate is a duty, but if the thing itself does not admit complete articulation,

we must not attempt it, but be satisfied with so much definiteness as the object yields.

The secret of the power of Cromwell, Frederick the Great, and Napoleon was that their soldiers felt that their own power was caught up into their general. Without him it would have been petty and of no account. He received it and they adored him because he gave them their proper value and dignity.

False dogmatism is not extinguished by simple scepticism. Its effectual enemy is belief.

What a terrible curse is an idea in the head of an ignorant man!

In proportion to my conceit will be my indifference to the truth as truth and the difficulty of discovering it, and in proportion also to my conceit will be my dogmatism.

Godwin (letter to Shelley, 4 March, 1812) denounces organizations. It is one of the best passages I have read in Godwin. 'Discussion . . . is excellent as long as it is unfettered . . . 'but poisonous when men shape themselves 'into societies and become distorted with the

'artifices of organization.' Quite true. Every man in an organization goes beyond himself or falls short of himself; is hurried by contagious passion into something of which he does not himself approve, or, considering himself as a mere member of an organization, neglects to do what he would without it take pains to do.

Imogen, Ophelia, &c. are pure relationships. It is in others that they are what they are, and yet with what individual loveliness, azure in this, carmine in that, is each of them tinted.

It is impossible to feel any contempt for the weaknesses of the characters in Shakespeare's comedies—Malvolio, for example. They are absurd, but their absurdity is a sweet, wholesome product of the soil, legitimate as any other.

One charm of Homer is the sense of such immense, exuberant life, and yet (naturally connected therewith) the disregard of life. Too much is not made of it.

A sunset in magnificent pomp, slowly changing. It looked as though all preceding

days and years had been a preparation for it. So they were.

What drawbacks there are to conversation ! I watched B. the other day talking. Everything he said was fresh and original, but it was all *sprung* upon him at the moment, was the product of the moment. How seldom is that which is spoken the result of experience !

A public speaker or writer suffers harm through being obliged to preach his creed so constantly. It becomes hardened in him, he is committed to it and cannot modify or retreat, but I wish I had the opportunity of saying more frequently what I think I believe. Much, no doubt, would have been corrected, but much would have been strengthened by defined expression.

It is curious that I always have such a sense of insincerity when I try to speak on solemn subjects, even when I do my best to say what I mean and no more than I mean.

Happiness is said to be more powerful than any religion in making men good. I confess to an uneasy impatience at the sight of that

beaming goodness which obviously proceeds from happiness.

If a man is to do any really good work he must expel the image of the critic or friend. I am apt in writing to see the image of somebody at my side. The result is perversion.

Why should we take a sort of devilish pleasure in checking expressions of affection to us? What wickedness!

Ordinary, secular education, as it deals only with the comprehensible, puts the pupil in a wrong position. He has to do with nothing which may not be mastered, and becomes insensible to that which is beyond. Worse—he is affected only by reasons which appeal to his understanding, by what is immediate, and his conduct is not governed, as it so often should be, by that which is intangible, shadowy, and remote.

Constantly to endeavour to will what I know to be necessary!

How often love is begotten by faults! It is these which make the character of the beloved object positive.

I never allow principles to carry me far enough. I do not think that in this I am peculiar. I notice that in the gardens of most men are nothing but arrested buds. How rare it is to see the fully developed flower!

The swift obliteration of impressions is a great evil of our magazine, newspaper existence nowadays. Every morning wipes out the preceding day: excitement supersedes excitement, and consequently nothing is deeply felt and nothing is done.

Those writers are to be valued above all others who lay hold of us and gently transport us into a new world, closing communication with the world in which we live.

There are pages in the *Morte d'Arthur* in singular harmony with hills and plains. For example, the description of May at the end of the Eighteenth Book. I read that on a cool summer day after rain, when fleecy western clouds were floating across the sky, and it almost seemed as if they might have written it. How rare, how precious are the pages which clouds and fields might have indited!

Why should we neglect the mass of truth which tends to reconciliation with existence for the truth which breeds despair? We do not seem to understand that there is any duty in the selection of truths. It is not the duty of an ordinary person to investigate and dwell upon all truth. He should choose that which will help him. There is enough of it to occupy him. Much of the reflection which separates and depresses is uncertain, as, for example, that on the relationship of man with the infinite.

When we meet with difficulties which we cannot remove, we can surmount them by entrance into another world. It is not a remedy to be lightly adopted, inasmuch as we are bound fairly to attack and if possible get rid of that which opposes us, but as a last resort it is legitimate and precious beyond all price.

It is difficult to believe in God, not because He is so far off, but because He is so near.

What is the ultimate design of the Universe we do not know, but that there is no ultimate design is incredible. We see subordinate processes governed by reason, that the world is permeated with it, and, when we consider

the whole, are we to stop short and say there is no reason?

What is more wonderful than the delight which the mind feels when it *knows*? This delight is not for anything beyond the knowing, but is in the act of knowing. It is the satisfaction of a primary instinct. There may be also a divine purpose in this knowing, apart from the gratification of the creature.

We are friends, not through anything peculiar to us, but through the universal, the origin and property of us all.

What is religion? It is the desire to find reason and order in the world. The beginning of religion in the barbarian is the instinct which drives him to invent a will, a power, which accounts—after a fashion—for what goes on around him. Carried further, it issues in the discoveries of Newton. The poorest and most misguided effort to appease the dissatisfaction which disturbs us in the presence of what seems to be unreason is nobler than any attempt to assert its empire.

God being the Reason of the Universe, religion is therefore the impulse to recognize Him.

All noble qualities feed and exalt Love. They in turn are by Love fed and exalted. Love, even as a *passion*, derives singular strength from its alliance with them.

The Infinite fascinates us and we call it God, but in reality God is the Finite. The Infinite as Infinite is nothing.

When we see a tree mutilated, its branches torn down, should we feel the same if it were foreign to us, if there were no relationship whatever between ourselves and it?

The Rainbow. Nothing in nature is more fugitive, and yet it is eternal, in its identity of geometrical form and in sequence of magnificent colour.

Would not the indifference, of which we so much complain, of people to us, become *difference* if we were in the habit of speaking to one another in sincerity, not shrinking to call defects or faults by their right name? If a man takes pains with me and separates me from my fellows I love him, but he cannot do this if he omits to point out to me wherein I am wrong.

Chain a dog if you want him to become savage. A man who is bound to a fixed creed naturally becomes a persecutor.

Why is it that we get so little out of books, that we remain the same whatever we read? It is because we obstinately carry ourselves into them: we read ourselves and not the authors. Any little thing which agrees with our beliefs or prejudices we seize, and the rest we neglect. We should make it a rule to settle on that which is most difficult and that from which we most differ.

We seem to be drifting towards a belief that our creed should be a simple impression from the seal of external nature, that the law for man is what he finds there, and that what he does not find there has no validity. But the mind itself is also a fact, and its conclusions may be as indisputable and its dictates as authoritative as any which are deductions from what we see around us.

Hitherto science has been mainly the subjugation of the external world. I dream sometimes of a science which shall be cultivated as physical science is now, but shall have for its object our own private peace and

happiness; for example, the harnessing and guidance of the imagination. At present we fight naked, and are no better armed than our ancestors of 2,000 years ago.

All religions have said that if we do wrong we must not only amend and offer reparation but that there must be expiation. Modern philosophy denies it. I cannot rid myself of what seems to me an instinct that wrongdoing demands a penalty.

It is not so much because my desires are inordinate that I am troubled: it is because they are contradictory.

A number of small virtues will prosper a man more than one or two of great eminence.

There are people whose principles seem to be chucked into them by chance. Nevertheless they are obstinate in their adhesion to them.

What a strange and now almost foreign conception is this of Tauler's and of Christianity, that the wrong we do is not done merely to ourselves or to others but to God, to something beyond ourselves and others! What

a difference in kind there is between this and the modern idea of wrong, and how different must the daily walk of a man like Tauler be from our own! It is the addition of the dome of heaven to the earth.

There is one thought which never fails, a rock which amidst all doubt is never shaken, and it is our own weakness; our powerlessness to comprehend, although we may apprehend, the infinity of God. It swallows up death and every earth-begotten limit.

Over my real troubles I brood. I think about what does not concern me.

. 'nescis, temeraria, nescis,
Quem fugias, ideoque fugis. mihi Delphica tellus
Et Claros et Tenedos Patareaque regia servit.
Juppiter est genitor: per me, quod eritque fuitque
Estque, patet: per me concordant carmina nervis.'
Metam. i. 514-18.

It is frequently simpler to ascertain by a consideration of the means whether an end is one which we ought to endeavour to compass. The means are nearer to us and may be more easily judged than the end.

Reason may introduce a belief to us but she seldom stays with it. The moment it is ours

we become partisans and she has little or nothing to do with its defence.

‘Somme, il est malaysé de ramener les ‘choses divines à nostre balance, qu’elles n’y ‘souffrent du deschet.’ Montaigne, i. 31.¹

(‘To conclude, it is no easie matter to ‘reduce divine things unto our ballance, so ‘they suffer no impeachment.’ Florio.) We have no weights for them. To attempt to put them in our scales ruins them. It is better that we should be unable to find any justice in the divine procedure than that we should feign a justice which does not exist.

‘Ratio et prudentia curas,
Non locus effusi late maris arbiter aufert.’

HOR. *Epist.* i. 11.

I never saw a ‘view’ which was worth a happy thought or an hour with a friend, or was any compensation for a drop of bile in the wrong place.

Would that I could loiter! Everything I do I hurry, and in the midst of pleasure press forward to the end. I swallow and never taste. This vice infects very high up and prevents the enjoyment of anything beautiful, for I have not the patience to stay long enough with it.

¹ [Le Clerc.]

It drives me from life to the consideration of death.

B. spends his life on grammatical notes for the *Classical Review* and might we think do better things. But to Nature, with her boundless resources, what does it matter? And as to B.'s own happiness, so subtly are we compounded, that perhaps his notes avert misery from him which could be averted in no other way.

Mr. C. told me that when he was out in a boat on the west coast of Scotland, he picked up a half-drowned hawk which was being pecked to death in the water by sea-swallows. He gave it a drop or two of a cordial and it revived for a few moments, but it then died. What passed through that hawk's brain, if it could think, as it lay on the waves vanquished by the birds whom it could have transfixed if its wings had been free!

The south-west wind is roaring round the house, bringing up from the sea a storm of rain, splashing against the windows and streaming down them. How much better to be a breath of that south-west wind than to be a pitiful *personality* like myself, crouching over a fire.

6 December, 1901. Mercury in the clear sky above a bank of clouds at 6.30 a.m. A dozen times, perhaps, I have seen Mercury. There are not, I should think, fifty people in England who have seen him so often.

I have a strange fancy—that there is one word which I was sent into the world to say. At times I can dimly make it out but I cannot speak it. Nevertheless it serves to make all other speech seem beside the mark and futile.

What a superstition it is which forbids people who really think to talk to one another on religious matters! Not a soul has said a word to me for years about God.

The sea with its shifting shades; the gleam on its horizon—what are they? Water, vibrations, nothing. But the relationship to me is not nothing. That is an adamant fact. So beauty becomes real as granite.

What are the facts? Not those in Homer, Shakespeare, or even in the Bible. The facts for most of us are a dark street, crowds, hurry, commonplaceness, loneliness, and, worse than all, a terrible doubt which can hardly be

named as to the meaning and purpose of the world.

‘There let me see thee sink into a mood
Of gentler thought, protracted till thine eye
Be calm as water when the winds are gone,
And no one can tell whither.’

(WORDSWORTH, ‘Enough of climbing toil!’)

The calmness—how much more significant and impressive by the reference to the winds which had gone—and had gone *no one can tell whither*! The eye was Dorothy’s.

Wordsworth’s ‘To the Clouds’, published in 1842, and certainly not an early poem, is one of the richest and greatest of all, disproving the common theory that dates are a sufficient criticism on his poetry. He does not make what he sees a mere mirror of himself or man; his eyes are never off the clouds through the whole poem, and yet it is their alliance with us which gives the description of them their whole force and beauty.

Annihilation of this swarm of petty invading cares by adoration! They possess and distract, not by their inherent strength but through the absence of a dominant power. The lover is absorbed in the desire to be with his mistress and keeps his appointment

with her, breaking all hindrances like threads. Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? The answer was not difficult to St. Paul, but how is it with me?

Do we ever rest in what we think? A man who has lost his way at night receives a sure direction and is satisfied with it in itself. Are we similarly satisfied with any of our thoughts? Are they not merely an intellectual exercise or subject of conversation? If a man has a religion it is something in which he reposes.

One of my defects is that very often I cannot come to conclusions by my reason about the simplest matters. I debate backwards and forwards for half an hour, whether I shall go here or there to-day or to-morrow. I work myself up by my deliberations into a worse perplexity than that in which I began. The only thing to be done is at an early stage to guillotine arguments, no matter what appeal they make for mercy. I may go wrong by prompt action, but there are equal chances that I should go wrong by wasting more time.

A raindrop hung from the frame of a window-pane. An inverted image of the trees and sky hung in it with complete distinctness.

It hung for some time and then it fell. The beautiful picture in an instant had gone. But had it gone?

. . . 'ut nunc plerumque videmus
Quid sibi quisque velit nescire, et quaerere semper
Commutare locum quasi onus deponere possit.'

Lucretius, iii. 1057-9.

Every faculty and virtue I possess can be used as an instrument wherewith to worry myself.

We are so hindered and hemmed in by other people that whenever, without injuring them or ourselves, we can stretch ourselves out it is our duty to do so.

Love is the finest conscience. How unreal are the distinctions between the powers and passions of the soul!

I used to think that boys and girls ought to be taught logic: people make such mistakes through not using common logical rules. But now, when I see how useless logic is in the determination of controversy upon moral, political, or social subjects, nay, is a positive hindrance to determination, I am inclined to believe we had better leave it alone. I say advisedly a positive hindrance. When a

difficult subject is started we at once begin to talk instead of looking. I suppose this is the expression of the instinct which survives in us from the lower animals and sets a dog barking merely because he hears another dog bark. As we become more highly developed we shall become more silent and better able to bear silence in others.

Lying in the field this July day I take up a tall grass stem in flower. Its delicacy, grace, the poise of its head, are lovely beyond speech. But the whole field, ten acres of it, is covered with tall stems equally delicate, graceful, and with the same perfect poise. For whom does this beauty exist?

‘The business of philosophy,’ says Landor (*Pericles and Aspasia*, Letter CLXXVI), ‘is to examine and estimate all those things which come within the cognizance of the understanding.’ But the conception of an Infinite which actually exists is one with which the understanding can do nothing and is nevertheless more influential than any truth which the understanding can define.

‘Merely to be remembered,’ says Johnson (Letter to the Rev. W. S. Johnson, 4 March,

1773), 'is indeed a barren pleasure, but it is 'one of the pleasures which is more sensibly 'felt as human nature is more exalted.' Why do I wish it? I am glad to believe that there is something in me worth remembering. This is not vanity, but the desire to be assured (without which I cannot live) that I am somewhat. There is also the love of being loved and the love of loving. Also the simple wish not to be forgotten after death. This may be folly, for what will it matter to me whether I am forgotten or not? The wish, however, is an instinct, be its purport what it may. So composite are we. A hundred rills from distant springs combine to produce the river.

A straight line can be drawn through all the preferences of a certain friend of mine. My own, on the contrary, can only be connected by an inconsistent zigzag.

The ripening of the corn is not due altogether to the sun, but to age and decay. I have noticed this summer the yellowing of the fields although we have had so little sunlight.

On looking at any great natural object, a mountain, the sea, the stars, we are conscious of our own littleness and yet at the same

moment of our greatness. We are awed by them as a symbol of power infinitely beyond us, but with that awe is a sympathy—it is itself a sympathy and we are thereby exalted: we are a part of what we worship. This is a good instance of the intricate composition and complexity of any given emotion.

It is truer, nowadays at any rate, to say that from morals grows religion than that religion brings forth morals. If the character be pure and healthy, religion springs of itself.

In a play or story not only should there be progress to an inevitable conclusion, but progress in the development of character. The personality, closed at the beginning, should gradually expand and attain full expression in the crisis.

It is better oftentimes for us to go through with what we intend to do than to do that which in the abstract may be better, but which it belongs to some other man to do.

So long as a man's purpose is his own, it remains a consistent unity. When it passes from him for realization in the world, it becomes the property of chance, of the demons

who delight in mockery and marring, and is mutilated or shattered.

I tried the other day to describe a person whom I knew very well, and found I could not. It was an easier task to describe a person of whom I knew less.

Johnson, notwithstanding his orthodoxy, looks life straight in the face. Never was there man who was forced to swerve less by phrases or conventions. 'Let us endeavour to 'see things as they are, and then enquire 'whether we ought to complain. Whether to 'see life as it is, will give us much consolation, 'I know not; but the consolation which is 'drawn from truth, if any there be, is solid 'and durable; that which may be derived 'from error must be, like its original, fallacious and fugitive.' Boswell's '*Life of J.*' (Birkbeck Hill's ed.), i. 339.

I have just read *Joseph Andrews* again. It is good exercise, for I have been forced into recognition of genius assuming a form quite unlike that of the authors with whom I am more familiar. The reflections are mostly commonplace: Parson Adams' religion has no inwardness. There is no philosophy in the

book: love is sensuality. But for all that Fielding is a great writer. To say nothing of style and humour, *quicquid agunt homines* is interesting to him and he makes it interesting to us.

It is impossible totally to exclude the 'I' in our most unselfish acts. We ought not to torment ourselves because we cannot exclude it. We must not set pleasure so sharply over against unselfishness.

A place in the garden never freezes. On digging down I find that, a yard underneath, is a little stream of water, an outlet from the spring in the field above.

A man's life is great in proportion as his mind dwells on things precious for their own sake and not as means to ends. There is no end to be obtained by worship and love. But alas! how much of every day is taken up in labouring at something which is to bring something else! This something else is generally of no value.

We may unhappily be incapable of much emotional sympathy. But we can make up for our defect by doing much. Johnson,

when Thrale's son died, said that he could not feel as much as was expected of him. 'It is affectation to pretend to feel the distress of others, as much as they do themselves.' But he 'would have gone to the extremity of the earth to have preserved this boy.' (Boswell, ii. 469, Birkbeck Hill's ed.)

What does real love do for us? It teaches the discernment and adoration of human worth, despite its obscurætion by the petty trifles of common life.

Never try to say anything remarkable. It is sure to be wrong.

If I am shocked at the undeserved suffering in the world, that shock is not thinking. Here is a little book of verse, the work of one well skilled in his art, but it is simply the shock and nothing more. Much of modern literature is of the same kind and is worthless. It gives no help.

Obstinacy may be mere stupidity, but there is an intelligent obstinacy which is a virtue.

The cause of our terror is not so much what we know about a terrible object as that

which we do not know. We add to our knowledge something unknown. Perfect knowledge would cast out fear.

Turning over a portfolio of drawings it so happened that the next to one by Ruskin of a flower was the dragon from Turner's 'Garden of the Hesperides.' The contrast was that of the Universe. The flower had been selected by Ruskin for its perfect poise and grace. It seemed the work of a heavenly artist. The dragon was literally a '*monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens,*' without organization, horrible because of shapelessness, with scaly projections of which no two were alike, a crocodile mouth, jagged, irregular teeth, huge disproportionate claws, and imperfect wings insufficient for flight, but a deadly advantage in attack. The creature was formed not only to kill but to terrify and tear to pieces.

We are often deterred from doing what we believe to be right because it cannot be done on the large scale, because it is not capable of universal application. But St. Francis did not found an organization. He and two or three others came together and said 'This way of living is good for us.'

It is possible to believe on the strength of his authority what another says, not only upon matters of fact, but upon matters within my own reach, although I cannot verify it in myself. For example, C. every now and then ventures a word or two on God and immortality. Feeling his immense superiority to me, that he has gone below my doubt, I trust him as I would a man who guides me home at night through an unknown country. Why should we limit our confidence in the wisdom of another to that which is material? Unless you convince me, says the preacher of the unlimited right of private judgement, I refuse to assent. Is this rational?

The reason why people so often disagree in discussion is that they say what they do not think. The things we think are not those which cause differences.

St. Francis, when he resigned his office of Minister-General of his order, asked that he might have a superior who should direct all his actions. 'I know,' he said, 'what is the 'fruit of obedience.' How strange and remote this is! And yet it is true that obedience in itself is a great virtue. We may go a long way in obeying before harm is done. It must

be obedience not only to what we see to be right, but when we are unable to see. It is the submission of the self which is profitable.

The humble are not those who are most troubled by their own defects and dwell upon them. True humility is begotten by the worship of superiority, and chiefly by the worship of God.

Courage is necessary in the soldier and also skill. A man needs art in compassing temptation.

The temptations which are common are not those against which I should most carefully guard, but those which are peculiar to myself and perhaps would be considered of no moment to another person.

The love of God is the love of Christ. How can I love Nature? Yet—look at an open wild-rose.

Consolation and light will often come, not by seeking for them directly, but by just putting ourselves straight. Intellectual trouble may disappear by simply doing our duty.

It is said that there is a continuous Melody in the universe which no man can hear, excepting a few who catch a bar of it at long intervals.

When a man seeks and obtains satisfaction by external things he hands himself over to them. This is a common platitude, but common platitudes are just those truths which are never really believed.

Faith, the belief which saves, is not to be preserved without a struggle. It is not a conclusion which comes automatically from evidence presented. A hundred times a day suggestions are made within us to abandon this or that result we have achieved with much effort, and we are not then to balance but to hold fast with claws.

It is good to practise discipline for its own sake. Life without seeking for them presents opportunities for compulsory discipline, but if we deny ourselves voluntarily, greater good is done. Innocent pleasure is scarce, and, as a rule, should be taken, but it is well now and then to refrain in order to strengthen the power of refraining. If a man, because he cannot afford it, refuses to buy anything on which he has set

his heart, he denies himself, but his self-denial is hardly free. If he can afford it and still refuses, just because he determines to keep himself in hand, he increases the autocracy of the will.

It has been believed that it is possible for a man to stand in opposition to his most intimate self, not merely to desire, but to weakness; to say to that which fears, 'you are not I'; to be quiet therefore and not to be troubled by terror.

The way to look at the country is to look at the same bit of it over and over again. There is a field above me which I am just beginning to understand after having paced it a hundred times. Not by a tourist can the country be known.

We know by doing. Take up thy cross, lift it up yourself on your own shoulder, stagger under it, go on with it, and your intellect will be enriched with what no books could give.

I should like to die not entirely. I should like that part of me to live that rejoices in these clouds, this field of barley, these surrounding trees. But there is another part

which I so heartily wish were dead that in order to annihilate it I would joyfully sacrifice the first.

We pine for a friend to whom we can unbosom our thoughts and emotions and we are disappointed. We think only of ourselves in our discontent. Ought we not to think a little of others and allow some small consideration to the possibility of doing good? The friendship which proceeds from unselfishness will be firmer and more intimate than that which is, after all, mere selfishness refined.

Hope, in defiance of chances, is characteristic of the noblest and the meanest, of Gideon and the idlest day-dreamer, but in the one it is faith, and in the other torpor. The one dares everything to the last strain of his muscles; the other does nothing.

It is the prerogative of man that he looks abroad for objects with which to interest himself, that he lives with that which is not necessary to his existence.

In controversy we ought to distinguish between that which cannot be proved and that which can be proved to be false. The exis-

tence of a world of spirits may not be provable, but it certainly cannot be proved untrue. For that which is simply not provable there should be tenderness, because the person who believes is not confronted with that which, if he is honest, should compel him to deny. It is hardly worth while to attack widely-spread beliefs which are merely not provable, for it is almost impossible to make those who cherish them abandon them by showing that this and that bit of evidence is untrustworthy. Our duty is to busy ourselves with the extension of the provable. With every enlargement of it some fallacy is undermined and falls.

In reading Spinoza again I have often felt on the verge of some great discovery which was not fully completed. He saw further than any man I know, but he cannot say distinctly what he sees. He was hampered by terminology borrowed from Descartes and others, and also, I think, by difficulty of expression.

The word 'awe', like many other words, is useless when we come to work with it. Awe in the presence of a great fire, a great battle, or of any force superior to our own, is entirely different from awe before a dewdrop, a moth's wing, or any action nobly heroic. God should

be worshipped with this and not with the other awe.

The public evils which weigh upon us most heavily are so formless, so universally-penetrating that it seems hopeless to combat them. Luther had a definite foe. He believed that if he could overthrow the Papacy the world would be regenerated. Happy prophet! What can we do against omnipresent dishonesty, moral scepticism, and modern political methods?

To some people the world is not fixed. The sky, fields, human beings, philosophy, religion, are fluent and consequently always new. This temper has its delights and its glory as well as its dangers.

Shelley's age is to be borne in mind continually in reading his poems. Never should a criticism be passed on him without recalling his youthfulness. As he grows older he comes nearer reality. There are lines unsurpassably close in the song 'Rarely, rarely, 'comest thou,' and in those 'To Jane: The 'Recollection.'

Is there anything in the predestination of Calvinism more awful than that of the oracle

in *Oedipus Rex*? Why should Calvinism be the subject of vulgar cursing by the cultured, who have nothing to say against Sophocles?

Job's wife, after her advice to him to curse God and die, says not another word. It is to be presumed that she heard the reproaches of his friends, his justification, and the speech of the Lord. She had nothing to say and is not included in the rebuke at the end. God did not think her worth notice.

In primitive times, before men had generalized and divided, distinctions, which appear to us to be at the root of things, may not have been recognized. Should I not love to have a year of Homer's time, when the sky, sea, woods, and rivers were kin to myself!

If I am much by myself expression becomes difficult, and when I bring before others what I have thought, it often looks false. Nevertheless, the truths found in solitude remain and are those by which I live. No article of a man's religion can be spoken.

Looking at the procession of summer clouds this morning I could but feel over again just what I have felt every summer for half a cen-

ture. There is nothing new to be felt. We must try to keep the old love alive.

For what do my friends stand? Not for the clever things they say: I do not remember them half an hour after they are spoken. It is always the unspoken, the unconscious, which is their reality to me.

If we are relieved from serious care we are not necessarily relieved from cares. A crowd of small, impertinent worries torment me which I should not notice if I were in real trouble.

Speech is a departure from self and a betrayal of it. God is beyond speech, because words are not the vehicle for the expression of Him. It is not so right to say we shall not be united to Him until after death as that we cannot be united to Him without death.

We should always be on the watch to see if the common course of life cannot be improved. Custom blinds us to such a degree that we go on day after day doing the stupidest things, although the right way of doing them is close at hand. We may be sure that the way in which we do most things

has no very respectable origin. It has just happened to be so at the beginning.

After a lovely day out of doors by myself I saw that a single act of admiration is of little use. We must live with beauty, without any straining effort to admire, quietly attentive, absorbent, until by degrees the beauty becomes one with us and alters our blood.

An ignorant man bought a second-hand chronometer for a mantelpiece clock, and wound it up every night. After about twelve months it would not go, and he took it to the maker, who told him it went for eight days. During those twelve months it had been increasingly depressed and miserable because it had been misunderstood, and this was the main reason why it broke down. Its owner had also tried his hand at regulating it, knowing nothing about the delicate instrument. The chronometer-maker cleaned and oiled it, instructed his friend, so far as was necessary, in its management, and warned him that the regulator must not be touched. It now goes cheerfully, with an earnest, steady tick. It is wound up every Sunday morning, but purposely sometimes not till Sunday night, a treat it much enjoys. It dreams sometimes

of its life at sea when it was employed in determining the longitude of H.M.S. *Bellerophon*, but is nevertheless content that it is not useless, and that appeal is made to it from the common clocks in the house.

‘ Which of us is there who cares only so much as is necessary that he may know what to do, or know that he can do nothing : and does not turn the same things over and over in his mind, and hang uselessly in the same circle of cogitations, till he loses himself in them ? Which kind of cares is most adverse both to divine and human considerations.’
BACON, *Meditationes Sacrae*.

Because it is easier to worry than to think.

It is of little use to reason against our failings. They must be overcome by aspiration ; by religion.

Rev. xiv. 2. ‘ And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder : and the voice which I heard was as the voice of harpers harping with their harps : and they sing as it were a new song before the throne, and before the four living creatures and the elders : and no man could learn the song save the

‘hundred and forty and four thousand, even ‘they that had been purchased out of the ‘earth.’ May not this song, although none but the 144,000 could learn it, be the truth of the world?

There is a moral faith which is a virtue—faith in a friend, for example. Is there not an intellectual faith which is a virtue, which holds fast when proof fails? I believe there is such an intellectual faith and that it is a sign of strength.

Nothing can be more irrelevant than the two passages in the book of Tobit in which the dog is mentioned, but what an addition they are to the story!

The practice of self-denial is good: it may be learnt. More difficult than self-denial is enjoyment, rejoicing in that which ought to delight us. This perhaps may be partly learnt, but not without severest discipline.

In *Romeo and Juliet* the highest attainable is reached, not through an abstraction or idea, but through the sensuous and never leaving it. Through the sensuous, in the sensuous, we come to the divine, awful, pure, as the stars at night, and crowned by death.

Addison's and Steele's papers in the *Spectator* may seem mostly insipid platitudes. We unconsciously compare them with the periodical literature of to-day dealing with matters which we do not understand, although we like to profess acquaintance with them. The *Spectator's* criticisms on the manners of the eighteenth century are more wholesome reading than articles on Japanese ethics, the Higher Criticism, or the canals in the planet Mars.

Miscellaneous meddling with matters on which we have no claim to an opinion is destructive of mental fibre. It is a crime. As to the style of the *Spectator* nothing need be said. In itself it is a moral of the highest order.

A man conceived he had been grossly injured by his friend. It was proved that the friend was entirely innocent. But the relationship between the two was never quite what it was before. The friend remembered that evil had been believed of him. This accounted for some difference on his part, which in turn produced part of the change in the other. Then there was the consciousness of wrong done, of weakness in believing what was false—hence wounded pride. Lastly, a

passion does not subside when the cause is removed.

Face what you think you believe and you will be surprised.

I was lost the other day looking into a wild, red rose, its colour, the bareness of its beauty lying open to the sun, unreserved in all its loveliness. I thought of our disguises and masquerades. We talk of the scale in creation, lower to the higher, that is to say to man, but this definite progression is false, for in the flower is a revelation on its own account which is not superseded nor is subsequently attainable. What man or woman can match my red rose in its own way?

The disproportion between the objects to be known in the Universe and our intellect is not greater than that between those which are beautiful and our capacity for discerning their beauty. Would they fail to excite increasing wonder at it, worship of it, notwithstanding an almost infinite increase in delicacy of perception and warmth of emotion?

It is more difficult to turn a weak than a strong man. The weak man tempts us to

continual efforts to change him, but we find in the end that we must leave him alone.

The mystery of Creation is the mystery of that which goes on to-day and is continuous.

Mathematics is undisputed truth. What would our condition have been if we saw nothing which did not admit another side?

22 December, 1907. My birthday: George Eliot's death-day. A day of extraordinary beauty but not showy. The chestnut plantations are tinged with purple. The stems of the oaks and beeches display infinite shades of grey-green. I get out into the open fields. The sky is almost covered with grey cloud, but in the west, just above the horizon, there is a long narrow opening, not clear blue, but thinly veiled with slightly subdued whitish flame colour. The trees on the hills stand out in front of it with such distinctness that each one can be seen separately. The great twenty-acre field has just been ploughed and the shining furrows run straight towards the sun. There is a gentle wind from the south-west, and more than a hundred rooks have settled on the meadow and are quietly busy there. A curious fancy came into my head—

a soul passing into Paradise and looking back with sad regret on the old Earth, lovely as it is this morning.

Josiah appoints a Royal Commission, including the High Priest (Archbishop of Canterbury) and the 'scribe' (Chancellor of the Exchequer), to consider the newly discovered Book of the Law. They immediately consult a woman.

Extraordinary splendour of New Park Wood in May—early (1908). Sadness in thinking that perhaps I shall never see this any more. But maybe I am deluded, maybe talking nonsense.

Under every reconciliation opens presently an unfathomable chasm. We shall never reach immovable peace by thinking.

No comparison can be made between the discovery of the most trifling fact or truth and the labour of man employed in its discovery; that is to say, no human labour can be called too great which is spent upon a beetle or pebble or the exposure of the smallest fallacy.

I often wish there were some index or inward monitor showing me when I had not reached the limit of my power of resistance and endurance in trouble. Sometimes, I dare say, I fancy I can hold out no longer when, in reality, I am nowhere near falling.

Sidgwick (*Memoir*,¹ p. 322) seems to think religion is necessary because it lifts from a low moral level. He looks on it as an implement, as a means to an end. But religion is not chosen, nor is it a means to anything beyond. It is final: it is the expression of our relationship to God, whether humanly manifested or not. It is Love.

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Certain questions, no doubt, are urgent, and nevertheless it is difficult, if not impossible, to solve them. Sidgwick is fond of bringing close together the question and our impotency. I admit both, but I endeavour to keep them apart. It does no good to be perpetually trying one's strength. We are not to sharpen these problems, but to keep them indefinite by not thinking too painfully about them.

A rift in the western clouds after sunset. Seen through it is the clear, pale green sky.

¹ [Henry Sidgwick, Macmillan, 1906.]

How strange to feel that I am in direct contact with the illimitable! Of course, I am also in contact with it in open daylight and sunshine, but I feel it more through that rift.

If I do not remember what I read, the passing upheaval is good.

Who promised love should be happiness? Nature may have some other end.

No matter how intimate you may be with your beloved there is or ought to be in her a mystery, a something unpenetrated and impenetrable. It is as necessary as that which is known.

It is a great mistake to criticize or even notice the small failings of one you love. Pay no attention to them: let love drown them far out of sight.

The danger of criticism, of Biblical criticism for example, is that it tends to divert us from that which is positive, indisputable, life-giving.

The motor-cars this Sunday morning were rushing up and down Groombridge Hill in

a stream which suddenly ceased for a few minutes. I leaned over the fence and looked across the valley far away to Rotherfield and Mark's Cross. How small is the noise of the world compared with the all-encompassing Silence!

The worth of a religion depends upon the depth to which it is felt, and not upon its dogmas. I look on a robin perching close to me, so tame, glittering eye, ruddy breast, and it is a profounder religion to me than the Apostles' Creed.

Acquiescence is not belief. Belief influences conduct. Acquiescence is of little use. But we ought to struggle earnestly to increase our beliefs. Every addition to them is an extension of life both in breadth and depth.

Milton's *At a Solemn Music*—'disproportioned sin.' Objection has been raised to the intrusion of Puritanic theology here and elsewhere. But why? Is it not introduced because Milton believes it? Is not the fact that he can introduce it a sign of his sincerity and greatness?

We shall not have to wait for the annihilation of evil. The world will be regenerate when

' . . . evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness, when at last,
Gathered like scum, and settled to itself,
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self-fed and self-consumed.'

Comus, ll. 593-7.

Romeo and Juliet caught between the revolving, remorseless cogwheels of opposing grinding factions. The tragedy lies in their remoteness from the quarrel by which they come to their deaths.

Day after day of uniform cloud with a northerly wind. I miss so the change of mood which a southerly wind brings, the sunrise thoughts, the sunset thoughts, the moon-imaginings, the star-dreams; no variation of emotion, grey monotony.

It should be a part of our private ritual to devote a quarter of an hour every day to the enumeration of the good qualities of our friends. When we are not *active*, we fall back idly upon defects, even of those whom we most love.

It is a shallow notion that the suffering of another for our transgressions is injustice and a moral wrong. We are saved by the sacrifice

of the Just. Never is individualism more completely mistaken than in proclaiming the horror of redemption from evil by the death of him who is not guilty.

Of heresy as an indication of independence I take no account. I have known a disbeliever of almost every orthodox doctrine theological and moral, uninteresting, unoriginal and unable to speak or act what he really thinks, or would think if he could be himself.

On the other hand I have a friend, a church-goer, who affects no singularity in doctrine, but who looks from his own point of view at everything that presents itself to him, who has the power of remaining true to himself on every occasion, despite the almost irresistible pressure of society to compel us to assume its judgements as if they were our own.

We cannot obtain happiness by direct effort to obtain it. We can make a direct effort to avoid what prevents happiness. We can do more: we can, with effort, turn ourselves towards that which is happy rather than towards that which is wretched. Ex.:

‘What a miserable day, so dark and foggy!’

‘But what a brilliant night it was up to sunrise!’

Some people are so made that it is their nature to dwell on the brilliant night. Others seem unable even to think of it in presence of the dull day. I do not believe that for any heroic act greater resolution is necessary than that which is needed by these others, constitutionally sad, but who rightly consider it their duty to affirm the stars rather than the gloom, even if it be impenetrable.

¹ Shakespeare does not hesitate to put the greatest speech into the mouth of a man from whom if he were alive we should not expect to hear it, and yet his individuality is not destroyed but rather increased. For instance, Clifford (*Henry VI, Part II*, Act v, Sc. 2) says:

‘Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To cease!’ (‘To cease’ = to make to cease.)

In reading Shakespeare lately I have been softly overcome with a peculiar peace and repose. Controversy ceases, artificial difficulties lose their importance, anxiety disappears. I am as a child in the arms of a man who knows, but who smiles at my terrors.

¹ [See Preface, p. vi.]

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